

King Iohn
King Richard AND
MATILDA,
A
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted with great Applause
by her *Majesties* Servants at the
Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*.

Written

by ROBERT DAVENPORT Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *Andrew Pennycuicke*, in
the Year 1655.

Case

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D 2588

The Names of the Persons in the Play,
And of the Actors that first Acted it on the
Stage, and often before their Majesties.

King John,
Fitzwater,
Old Lord Bruce,
Young Bruce,
Chester,
Oxford,
Leister,
Hubert,
Pandolph,
Brand,

M. Bowyer.
M. Perkins } Whose action
gave Grace to
the Play.
M. Turner.
M. Summer.
M. Jackson.
M. Goat.
M. Young.
M. Clarke.
M. Allen.
M. Shireloek, who
performed excellently well.

Other Lords and Gentlemen,
Attendants on the King.

Queen Isabel.
Matilda.
Ladies of honour.
Lady Abbess.

Printed for Andrew Bowne in
the Year 1616

Ro

To the knowing Reader.

A Good Reader, helps to make a Book; a bad injuries it: The Author of this, had no mind to be a man in Print; nor tooke he any care for a Sculpture, to illustrate the Frontis-piece by crowning himselfe with Laurel: Neither did he write his owne Encomiums, and (to prejudicate the simple) say his friends forc'd them upon him; they may help to sell the Book, not better the Matter. And since this Tragedy is come to tell its own tale, and to speak for it self, he wil be glad to know it able to carry its own commendation; And (being an Infant, newly deliver'd to the world from the wombe of the Press) he hopes the knowing Reader will rather Crown it by his Candor, then kill it in the Cradle.

R. D.

To the Right Honourable, Mountague
Berty, Earle of Lindsey, Lord
Willoughby to Eresby &c.

You are no stranger to things of this nature, and therefore the Dedication will not starile you; such there are (my Lord) whose soules are confin'd to their Chinck, and these looke squint-ey'd upon a Dedication, because they feare there is a spirit in't will separate them: But my Lord, your Noblenesse to learning, and wit raiseth your estimate to so high an accompt among knowing men, that from thence I have derived this boldnesse, which I hope is pardonable not onely for that your justice calls upon me for a duty I long since owed your Honour, but also in regard the Thing presented is no sleight Piece, but such (my Lord) as I presume will accord with your judgement and likeing: It past the Stage with generall Applause (my selfe being the last that that Acted Matilda in it) and since through the absurdity of times, it hath laine obscur'd. My Lord, though it doth not appeare in it's ancient and full glory, yet it comes dress'd; first, with an humble regard to your Honour, and then a confidence of it's naked worth, but both it and my selfe, are willingly subje&ed unto your Honours sentence, which I hope will not be too heavy, especially upon

My Lord,

Your Honours

Honourer,

Andrew Pennycuicke.



King John

AND

Matilda

Actus I. Scenæ I.

Enter *King, Queen, and Oxford*

King They will not come?

Ox. They will not.

King They had been better

What was their answer?

Ox. Thus said *Fitzwater*, father of the faction,

That was General for the Barons against your Majesty:

Tell *John*,

Ki. John!

Ox. That was his substance,

(Alledging how you stood at *Ross*, put from

Your Kingly office.) Tell *John*, your boy, and from *Wode*

That here at *Baynards Castle*, we intend

King John and Matilda,

A sealed stay for private reformation
Of conceiv'd injuries, which by the peace
The King made with us, were not thoroughly search'd,
But like green wounds, clos'd with towe (with a talve,
(Upon your private ends) are with more danger
Doubts and distracted difficulties again
Broke forth; but having drawn them to a head,
They would send them to you to be ratified,
And then give their attendance.

King. This is brave;
Who was therewith?

Ox. Richmond, imperious Leicester, and old Bruce
(The second in this revolt,) who sent the same return.

K. A nest of Rebels; to try the truth of these fine florishes,
You with Lord Mowbray, post unto Guilford,
And being there, (pretending a visite unto Brunes Lady,)
Wind into observation of the Cause; so from her,
(The engine upon which these factions move,)
Discover the intent of their designs.

Queen. Sure sir, the Lady is noble; but your Majesties
Injunction shall be obey'd. *Exit.* *Enter Chester.*

K. This not onely advantages
Our meeting with Fitzwaters Daughter,
(O how the thought flames my blood)
But likewise furthers our resolv'd proceedings:
Chester the news?

Chester. Conceal your selfe sir,
I have trap'd her with a snare;

K. Agen, then I shall see her. *Exit.* *Enter Matilda.*

Ma. You told me *Chester*
That the Queen did earnestly request my attendance;
You said she was here i'th Garden,
But it seems you were mis-inform'd:

Chester. Excellent innocence how art thou trap'd!
I must attend the King; please you walk Madam
But towards the Grove; I was told the Queen and Ladies
Retired there for shade.

Ma. I shall,

Chester.

A Tragedie.

Chef. And I must vanish

Exit Chef.

Ent. King.

Mat. Oh heaven, the King!

K. Thy friend.

Mat. False *Chester*!

K. Fair *Matilda*,

Mistresse of youth and beauty, sweet as a Spring,

And comely as the holy shining Priest

Deckt in his glorious sacerdotall vestment;

Yet heare the passions of a love sick Prince,

And crown thy too too cruell heart with pity.

Mat. Yet let fall your too too passionate pleadings,

And crown your royall heart with excellent reason.

K. Hear me.

Mat. The Queen will heare you.

K. Speak but a word that--

Mat. What?

K. That may sound like something,

That may but busse my strong labouring heart,

With hope that thou wilt grant, and every morning

I will walk forth and watch the early Lark,

And at her sweetest note I will protest,

Matilda spake a word was like that note.

Mat. Oh how you tempt: remember pray your vows

To my betroth'd Earl *Robert Huntington*;

Did you not wish just as the poyson toucht

His manly heart, if ever you again

Laid battery to the fair fort of my unvanquish'd

Vertue, your death might be like his untimely,

And be poyson'd. Oh take heed fir,

Saints stand upon heavens silver battlements,

When Kings make vows, and lay their

Listning ears to Princes Protestations.

K. So did *Matilda* swear to live and die a maid,

At which fair Nature like a Snail shrunk back,

As loath to hear from one so fair, so foul

A wound: my vow was vain, made without

Recollection of my reason; and yours, Oh madnesse!

King John and Matilda,

Maids have sure forsworne such vowes;
For *Huntington*, he like a heap of summers
Dust into his Grave is swept; and bad vowa
Still are better broke then kept.

Mat. Alas great sir, your Queen you cannot make me;
What is it then instructs your tongue? Oh sir!
In things not right,
Lust is but loves well languish'd hypocrite.

K. Words shall convert to deeds then; I am the King.

Mat. Doe but touch me,
And as I grape steel in my trembling hand, *Offers violence,*
So sure the King shall see *Matilda* fall, *she draws a knife.*
A sacrifice to vertue.

K. Cruell Maid,
Crueller then the Kid that eanes her young
On the rough bosome of a ragged flint;
Go get thee to the woods, for thou art wild
As flame, or winter, where so e're thou walk'st.
May wild winds chide thee, and the reeling Trees
Like a confus'd fall of many waters
Rall on thy rudeness; may the birds that build
Among the wanton branches, stead of teaching
Notes to their young, sing something like thy niceness;
And lastly, may the Brooks when thou shalt lie
And cast a pair of cruell bulse eyes
Upon their subtrill llydings, may the water,
The troubled image of my passions war
With the stones, the matter of ehy heart, that thou maist leape
Thy hardnesse and my sufferings to discern;
And so whilst I (if it be possible) study to forget you;
May beasts, and bird, and brooks, and trees, and wind,
Hear me, and call *Matilda* too unkind. *Exit.*

Mat. Ile unto *Baynards* Castle to my father,
Oh she had a violent need of Castles, where a King
Layes such violent seige; but Oh wretch,
Thou art (whilst tenant in a noble brest,)
A crown of Chrissall in an Ivory chest. *Exit.*

Enter

A Tragedie.

Enter King and Chester.

K. Shall I be dazled with effeminate darings?

Chef. With a womans ward, a knife too.

K. Here I left her.

Ch. But here she is not now sir.

K. Oh *Chester* run, run as thou lov'st my peace,
Feather thy feet with lovers wishes, let but my desires
Dwel in thy eyes, thou'lt find her, were she compass'd
With a Cimerian mist.

Ch. I will do my best sir.

Exit.

K. Thy best; do every thing, do any thing,
Do all things that may find her, whether Love
Leads thy dark Labyrinth; cannot Kings be free
From thy impetuous buffets? I have dem'd
A hardened heart, obdurate to thy shafts,
And sometimes am so, when in the very minute
Calling to mind *Matilda's* tears, like drops
Continued upon marble, they pierce through,
And I am soft again. Has't found her?

Ent. Chester

Ch. No sir, she is by this in *Barnard's* Castle,
Where her Father and the Lords---

K. Command our Barge, wee'l after her like lightning:
We must have pledges *Chester* for their faiths; if they refuse,
Thunder shall meet with thunder, and each eye
Shall see strange Comets in this troubled skie.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fitzwater, old Bruiſe, young Bruiſe, Richmond
and Leiſter, as in Barnard's Caſtle.*

Fitz. My noble Lords, and honourable friends,
Not to particularize (what need plain dealing
Be apparelled in particulars?) to a short supper,
Or a poor pittance rather, ye are all
Heartily welcome, very heartily, I must tell truth still.

O Br. Brother we thank you.

Ent. I would we had my sister your wife, at *Guilford* with us.

Rich. Where are the Ladies?

King John and Matilda,

Leif. Comforting *Matilda*, sad return'd from Court.

T. Bru. Betraid by *Chester*, and again escap'd
Like a chaste Dove out of the fowlers Net,
The lustfull King.

Fitz. Oh *John*, *John*, wilt thou never
Leave thy wags tricks? but let it passe, tis best
Because indeed tis past.

Leif. I wonder how he receiv'd our resolv'd answer.

T. Bru. No matter how, he's like to have no other;
Now by my blood, you vext my very soul
That you sint any.

O. Bru. Sonne, have a tamer spirit.

T. Bru. Yes, and like horses,
Be held by th nose by frivolous respect,
Whilst he casts Copperis into our sores, and searches
Past honours patience.

Fitz. Nephew, Nephew, hear me,
Lets bear a little; saith he is the King,
And though at *Rome* he does stand interdicted,
Yet now and then takes a good start or two
Towards regularity, till the fit comes on him;
And for your neat horse simile observe me,
Richmond and you are young men, we three old,
But not too old to tell truth; the horse that will not
Stard till and endure searching, how e're in summer
With warmth and pasture, he may strike at flies,
And play the wanton in a wealthy meadow,
For all his summer pastime, yet tis said,
Winter will leave him but a lean scal'd jade;
Come, come, y'ar fooles, y'ar fooles.

Leif. Well let us-- bear then.

T. Bru. I er us? Oh my blood!
Besides, our injuries in his breach of promise,
He made by stains and publique grievances,
How in the flames of his adulterate heart
Pursues he my chaste Cousin, by flight gets her
Within his tallon, and but this afternoon,

Had

A Tragedie.

(Had not her friendly knife enfranchis'd her)
Even in the face of he ven, in his own Garden
He would have ravish'd her.

O, Bru. Bro her, we are bound in honour not to bear it.
Leif. Let him know our griefs, and if---

Fitz. Well, well, with *ifs* and *ands*
Mad men leave Rocks, and leap into the Sands ;
But something shall be thought on. *Ent. Richmond.*

Rich. The King attended
Onely with the Earle of *Chester*, *Oxford*, and some
Other Gentlement, is new landed on the Stairs.

Om. The King!

T Bru. Shut the stairs Gate.

Fitz. Twere better Gate and stairs
Were floating through bridge; we are safe my cholerick cousin,
As in a Sanctuary ; tis enough

(A man would think,) to see a great Prince thus,
Cause wee'd not go to him, to come to us, *Ent. King,*
Indeed, indeed, you speak unkindly. *Oxford, Chester,*

K. Behold great Lords, *and other Lords.*
The Cedars of the Kingdome, how the King
(A shrub) shrincks out of majestie.

And comes to you ; here's a fine Conventicle,
Are ye blowing up new fires ? and must *Fitzwaters*
(Plain-breasted as his unaffected babie,)

Be Generall again, again be call'd
The Marshall of Heavens Army and the Churches ?
Are you Planet ft uckly ou cannot talke.

Fitz. Your pardon sir,
I led the Barrons, but twas when they could not choose
But choose a leader, and then me they chose ;
And why so think ye ? they all lov'd your Grace,
And grieve, grieve very heartily, I tell you,
To see you by some state mice so misled ;
This state mice that nibble so upon the Lands impaired freedom
That would not so play in the Lyons care,
But that by tickling him themselves to advantage ;

This

King John and Matilda,

This troubl'd us, and griev'd the body Politique;
And this we sought to mend; I tell truth *John*, I,
We are thy friends *John*, and if ye take from friendship
The liberty of modest admonition,
Ye leave no mark whereby to distinguish it
From the fawning passion of a Dog: base flattery;
If I speak plain, this truth be my defence,
A good mans comfort is his Conscience:
And so much for plain *Robin*.

K. Fitzwater, Bruce, Richmond, and stubborn Leicester,
This is the last of our admonitions,
Either lay by those Arms, those lawlesse arms,
Which you have list'd 'gainst your Lord the King,
And give such pledges as we shall accept
For setting of your loyalties, or here
By the abused sufferings of a King,
And by the unkind scars with which you have
Deform'd the face of *England*: misery
Shall over take you in a shape shall fright
The Iron heart of faction, and the King
Shall come no more acquainted with compassion,
But call the bloodiest ends a righteous vengeance.

Leif. I will nor leave mine arms,
Nor break my word to you,
Unlesse provok'd, and justly; you have my faith,
If you mislike that pledge—

K. We do.

Leif. And I reply that I can spare no nother.

Ches. D'ee hear sir?

O Bru. Already we have pawn'd the now leorn'd gage
Of our afflicted honours, which refus'd
Flies back again; and so we stand discharg'd.

Fitz. King *John*, King *John*,
Perform but the seal'd Covenants you are fled from,
The Charter running thus, given by our hand
The seventeenth day of *June*, and in the year
215 (the whole Realm being sworn to,)

- And

A Tragedie.

And six and twenty Peers and Barrons sworn
To the execution (who if you fail) are perjur'd
Do this, and like a plat of Osier wands
We shall bow any way, and you shall work us
Into what fashion you shall fancy; but
if you be melancholly, love-sick *John*,
Or *Lyon*, unyok'd Heifer, head-strong *John*,
(As in the matter of the Losse of *Normandie*,
When *Anjou*, *Brittain*, *Main*, *Poitou*, and *Turwin*,
Were deliver'd up to *Philip*) you'll find your friends
Not facile Willows, but abrupt brambles,
Whose intricate irregularity
Whilst you shall go about to rectifie,
They'll prick your fingers, and with unkind scratches,
Expose you to a late deplor'd experience :
Come, come, know this, when love in our side sings,
The unkindest wounds are those we take from Kings;
I am plain *Robin*.

K. A down right Rebell.

Fitz. Rebell!

K. So are ye all.

Om. Rebells!

K. Traytors.

Om. Traytors!

K. Rebels and Traytors; *Chester*, *Oxford*, Gentlemen,
Stand on your guards, there's danger in the room.

O. Bru. You are too passionate, perform with us,
You shall walk over us, if not, we stand
Our injur'd Countries Justicers.

K. Proudboaster.

This night shall raise a storme: Brav'd? with you *Bruce*
We will begin; and yet he is the Brother *aside*
Unto *Matilda's* Father, but his insolence,
Oh love; a little while let revenge reign,
This night shall beget passages shall prove
Your King a *Lyon* (next) as (pleas'd) a Dove.

Ox. Lights for the King, there Gentlemen.

C

Exit
Kings party.
T. Bru

King John and Matilda;

T. Bru. What will you do? a tempest curl'd his forehead:
Into the fashion of an angry Ocean,
Made wild with winds.

Rich. We must resolve on something.

Ol. Bru. And suddenly, for in his executions
He is swift as lightning, ay, is not more light.

Leif. Pandulph the Popes stern Legate, tis divulg'd,
Is againe come over from the Pope, to proffer
The King his readmission into the Church,
And take off his six years interdiction
Upon some propositions yet conceal'd,
And this may busie the King yet.

T. Bru. This? the Greyhound
Is not more eager at his flying game,
Then I know King John is in his passions
Of love or anger.

Ol. Bru. Why Brother, is this a time to study?

Fitz. Troth I was thinking of---stay, stay, I hav't,
I was thinking brother Bruce,---now tis gone again,
And farewell it, lets ply our businesse now:
If you mark't, he said he would begin with you;
I Would have you to night (stay not for the Sun,
which sure will rise blushing at this nights brawling)
Do you and Richmond, with some score of men
Post to your house, tis but an hours riding,
And something more; there fortifie your selves,
Your Ladie, and your pretty little Sonne,
Poor knave he dreams not of these Thunderbolts:
You my young mad cap, with your Cur my daughter,
Shall unto Hartford Castle, she is the brand
I feare will fire our Troy; Leicester and I
Will gather Powers, and thicher after you;
You two for Guilford, you two for Hartford,
And we two, wheither wast we two must go?

Leif. Go? we two must stay ith City.

Fitz. Passion of me, where was my memory;

A Tragedy.

But come, come, when Kings our Dials retrograde do run,
We leave to look on them, and go by'th Sun:
Lights, lights, good Gentlemen: *Exeunt.*

Enter *Queene, Lady, Bruce, and*
Hubert.

Qu. Good Lady take not on so, *Oxford* sayes all
Is very well at *London*.

Lady. Yes, very well;
Why then follow'd he your Grace with a Troop of horse,
A band of men? why hath he seizd the Castle,
Cashierd my Servants? Oh Madam can it be,
Your Grace (the Alter where I ever paid
A Subjects devout Love,) should by a slight,
a fained accidentall visite make,
An entrance for hostility and terror.

Qu. *Hubert*, redeem you in this Ladies faith,
And relat: the truth.

Hub. Only upon mine honour
Was I sent to seize this Ladies young Son *George*,
As a pledge to'th King for her Lords loyalty.

Lady. No *Hubert*, my Son is far enough from thee,
Thou fatall keeper of poor Boys.

Hub. You mean
Concerning *Arthur*, the unfortunate Sonne
Of *Jeffery Plantaganet*; Oh mad rumour!
Who would trust thee but with so much reputation
An honest begger boasts of?

Q. In that beleeve me Madam, report hath wronged him,
Which I can witnesse Lady. *Enter King and*

Lady. The King come to, *Chester.*
Oh my sweet *George*, my joy; what wilt thou do?

K. All is to our desire; where's *Bruces* Sonne?

Hub. Convey'd to *Wales* he affirms Sir.

Lady. Where thou shalt never see him *John*.

K. Good Madam,
Wee'l speak with you anon, *Queene Isabell*,

King John and Matilda,

Thou must be still an agent to secure
Me and my Kingdome, straight with the Earl of *Chester*;
Post thou to *Hartford* Castle, whither we are certin'd
Young *Bruce* is fled with old *Fitzwaters* daughter,
Try if by fair means thou canst win her to
Attend on thee at Court; if we have not her
A pledge, (as this) for her Fathers faith, we stand
The food of faction, get her any way;
If she deny, *Chester* with forces ready,
Of from the Castle, shall give them fierce assault,
And force them past entreaties; go my love
And play the Amazon, with her surprisall,
Secure a Kingdome.

Qu. This craves hast and care; come noble *Chester*
You shall along; but good my Lord forget not
That Ladies kindnesse to me.

K. Oh my sweet.

Kisse.

Exit.

Hu. What a fine thing he makes the Queen; Oh just,
With what smooth craft thou creepst to things unjust.

K. Oh my *Matilda*, if power or policy
may get thee once more in these arms, I will hazard
Even to a Kingdom for thee; come Madam fear not
I wear no frowns, I am all mirth, lets see your pretty Son.

La. I fear your mirth is like the Porpoise pastimes,
My Son hath been in *Wales* this moneth.

K. *Hubert*, see the Gates lock'd, a guard upon the Walls,
Whilst we take some to search.

La. Where will you search King *John*?
For heavens sake do not search.

Hu. Nay and't be come to that.

Exit.

K. Let me go,
In these proceedings the Kings safety rests,
The Lyon must not bend to baser breasts.

Exit.

La. Heaven to thee I kneel, who affrighted Mother am,
Oh from this Lyons claws keep my poor Lambe.

Exit.

Enter

A Tragedie.

Enter old *Bruce*, and *Richmond*, and above
Oxford.

Ol. Bru. The Castle Gates are shut, swift footed Tyranie,
That canst when thou pursu'st thy wild desires,
Out run the wantan Roe; Oh *Richmond*, *Richmond*,
I fear our stay all night, ha's made me witness
Of a day darker then night.

Rich. Your fears and your afflictions
Meet in one Center, for it seems the King
Sent *Oxford* in the night on the walls;
Behold where *Oxford* stands, I fear they have seiz'd
Your Sonne, your Wife and Castle.

Ol. Bru. *Oxford*, thou signe
Set up to shew me where my sorrows dwell;
Martyr me not with circumstances; but tell me,
Is it (as from thy ominous presence there)
We may conjecture.

Ox. Because you request brevity,
Then by my ominous presence here great Lords
You conjecture that you come too late.

Rich. Let force our entrance,
We have twenty men of spirit to dare.

Ol. Bru. A score of Cowards, *Oxford*,
Dar'st thou be honourable?

Ox. An other time,
But now I have no leisure, the King is here.

Rich. In person.

Ox. Yes, and power;
And if the *Queen* and *Chester* speed as the King has,
We shall have a pledget too for *Fitzwaters* loyalty,
And so good day, ye meet the proverb here,
Ye both are early up but near the neare.

Exit.

Rich. We strongly may conclude from their intelligence
Of your Son, and fair *Matilda's* flight to *Harford*,
Thither the *Queen* and *Chester* are repair'd,
Either by force or policy to obtaine her,

King John and Matilda,

So that the nearest path to our proceedings.
Is to post back to *London*, and to hasten
Her Father thither with his powers, and so
Secure your Sonne, his Daughter, and it may be,
Surprise the *Queen* and *Chester*.

Ol. Bru. If we do,
If but a hair of my betrayed wife,
Or my poor boy do perish, a head royall
Shall be sent back, slight scratches leave no scars
But deep wounds are seeds of Civill wars. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scœna 1.

Enter *King, Hubert, Lady, and Bruce.*

K. You would not then produce him.

Hu. Think of it Madam,
And for your own discharge, give up your Son.

La. I have him not to give.

K. We will no more be mock'd, are all the people, *Enter 2*
Horses, and Cattel voided forth the Castle? *Souldiers*

Hub. All but this Hamper which stood underneath *with a*
The stairs that led into the Dungeon. *Hamper, the Boy*

K. A place suspicious, search it. *in it.*

La. Let not rudenesse boast sir,
She was born in his presence of a Prince.

Hub. Tis lock'd my Lord.

K. Where is the Key?

La. I know not, lost.

K. Cut it open.

La. Do not, do not, indeed you'll spoile it then.

K. Well then they shall not.

La. Now the King is gracious.

K. But fetch each man a Torch, and here before me
Set it a fire:

La. Oh rather cut it sir in a thousand peeces;

Why

A Tragedie.

Why did you tell me that they should not cut it,
And now would burn it? who did teach you fir
To mock a wounded heart? look, look, and they do not go
To cut it too; good fir; I have a Jewel
Lyes conceal'd there, which I hid for feare o'th souldiers,
Of infinite value. *The Boy rises.*

Hub. Tis open my Lord.

K. what's in't?

Hub. Marry youth in a basket fir, here is the pretty Jewel
Of infinite value.

K. Hold him fast fellow, *Hubert* keepe back the mother.

La. I would be kept back, is that a Boy
To crush with a rude hand, alas a grisse
Look, and his very looks do not fright my Child.

Boy. Oh mother here is a man lookes very black,
(Pray do not hurt me) indeed, and if you doe,
You'l make my mother cry

La. For heavens sake let me kisse him, I warrant you the
Childewas almost smotherd, come from him *George.*

Boy. A wo' not let me go, if I were your match,
Ide give you a good sound box o'th eare,

K. Come, Come, we will not part you, *Hubert* there waits
One *Brand* without, servant to the Earle of *Chester*,
With a guard, let him Convey them both to *Winsor* Castle,
And by this signet to fir *Walter Blunt*,
Deteyne them in his custody, untill
We shall direct him further.

Boy. Oh brave, mother I have heard of *Winsor* Castle, my father
Told me there are brave bowes and arrowes, and drums there.

La. Oh happy Innocent, who in spite of foes

Can play the pretty wanton with thy woes.

Exit.

Hub. The Lord Steward fir

Enter Winchester.

Is come it seemes from *London.*

K. My Lord of *Winchester* the meaning of your speed?

Win. The *Popes* legate Sir,
The Cardinal *Pandulp* is ariv'd at *London*,

K. What newes with him; Six yeares we have stood

An

King John and Matilda,

An interdicted man, can he bring lowder thunder?

Win. He brings proffers of peace sir,
Advantagable peace too, if that you please
To make a resignation of your Crowne;

K. Ha!

Win. Good sir suffer mee,
And that to him to the *Popes* use; withall;
(Paying an Annuall tribute for your Kingdomes
Of *England*, and of *Ireland*, in the presence
Of the whole body of the Peers,) he has power
From his Holiness to reinvest your temples
With the rich Diadem; and with all pronounce you
Again admitted into the Church, your power
Weakned and wounded, yet may by this meanes
Lyon like, rowse it selfe and remove all obstacles
Twixt you and the high calling of a King,
Which by the reason you stood Curst at *Rome*,
Receiv'd affronts so frequent; besides *Fitzwaters*,
With *Leister* (who by the return of *Bruce* and *Richmand*
From thence to *London*, were upon expedition,
With there powers for *Harrisford* Castle to intercept
The proceedings of the Queen and *Chester*;)
I have staid upon the Legats special chardge
To attend your resignation, potent necessity
(The great dispenser with all Cerimony,)
Calls it a point of Policy, whereby
You build your selfe, ruine your enemy.

Hu. And then you stand again, sir a King absolute
And dazel faction.

Ki. Come we will catch craft
With imitation, he that would screw his ends
To his own aims, must mingle (when he wins)
Secret dissemblings 'mongst his venial finnes.

Enter *Souldiers*, and young *Bruce* prisoner.

Chef. You are mine Sir.

T. Bru. Tis false, I am Fortunes.

Chef.

A Tragedie.

Chef. This day to fortune then I sacrifice,
As to my Mistresse.

Y. Br. A Whore is then your Mistresse.

Chef. A Whore!

Y. Bru. A rascall Jade,

That takes with the dexterity she gives; tell me
Of your Mistresse and the Devil: Oh my stars.

Chef. O sir we have wayes to tame you, you remember
You brav'd me in the presence of the King,
At *Baynards Castle*.

Y. Bru. Oh I am mad,
Yet not so mad, but I dare still brave *Chester*,
And from the top of my affliction,
Upon thy light heel'd M^s. wanton fortune,
Cast from the manly temper of my blood
A noble scorn.

Ch. You shall be fetter'd first.

Y. Bru. Fetter'd:

Ch. Yes, and sent

Up to the King as an arch Rebel, to whom,
To whom (before) we have by Letters sent our happy fortune.

Y. Bru. Rebel:

By that boyling sea of blood which thou hast troubl'd,
Had my desires but bodies, I would burst
Fetters of steele, tear off thy canker'd flesh,
And with thy Jaw-bone, (thou honour wounding man)
I would kill a thousand of these Rascals.

Ch. Drag him
Into the Castle, since your fortunes move you,
Wee'll force you to a madnesse.

Y. Bru. Fool thou canst not;
Frost makes fire fervent, he that wisely knows
His wealthy fate, bravely becomes his woes.

Chef. Are you so arm'd, away with him.

Charge.
Exit.

King John and Matilda,

Enter the *Queen*, dragging in *Matilda*, her hair loose,
and face bloody.

Qu. Come forward surie, witch.

Mat. Alas, why thus

Great *Queen* do you mis-use me? credite me

I do not feare to die, young Infants do it;

Nor wish I life, the murderer enjoys it;

But let me know my trespassse.

Qu. I'me made your stale,

The King, the King your strumpet; oh thou wretch,

The matter my spleen!

tears her.

Mat. Hear me but speak.

Qu. Yes, I will thee speak,

That every syllable may serve instead

Of a fierce wind to blow my fiercer fury

Into the fashion of a punishment,

Fitting the daring of thy trespassse.

Mat. Heare me;

By these red marks, registers of your rashnesse,

And by these tears, the fruits of my affliction,

That the King passionately pursues my love,

Is truth uncontradicted; but if I

Did ever think you wrong, let mine honour be

buried in dark oblivion.

Qu. Sin's a sweet tame Serpent, they must beguile

Cloth rude errors, in a soft smooth stile :

Eut strumpst thou shalt ruin't.

Charge.

Enter

Chester.

Chef. Shift for your selfe Madam,

Richmond escap'd from *London* with the powers

Leavied by *Leister*, and *Fitzwater*, (who

Were staid by *Winchester*, and the Legate *Pandulph*)

Hath rescued *Bruce*, got again the Castle,

Ent. T. Bruce,

And make you now their search.

Exit.

and Richmond

Rich. Cease on the *Queen*;

with Souldiers.

Madam you are our prisoner,

T. Bru. Keep *Chester* safe good *Richmond*;

Ha!

A Tragedy.

Ha! oh what rude hand
Hath ras'd, this Book of beauty? a face where vertue
Intelligibly stood to charm the Reader: Tell me Cozen,
And by the thousands of thy tears, and fears
No tittle, place, degree, the very Grave
Shall not secure the offender.

Qu. There is death in's angry eyes. *aside.*

Mat The rude Souldiers
My noble Cozen hail'd me thus, and tore me,
And would have sure done worse, but that the Queen,
The wondrous kind Queen in her royall person,
Came with a troop of well appointed Souldiers,
and rescued me.

Qu. She mocks me sure.

T. Bru. The Queen so kind.

Ma. O Cousin had you seen
How good she was in her quick speed, how zealous
To relieve innocence, you would have thought
She'd kil'd them with her frowns e're she came at them,
So lamentably miserable were my sufferings,
So excellently noble was her charity.

T. Bru. Now by my life, 'twas honour in the highest,
Because a foe, and gracious Madam, not
To be out bid in this brave Mart of honour,
You shall have a safe Convoy, and of quality
Fitting your person, to convey (with your freedom)
To th' angry King our loves, that he may see
How plain to him we mean, and how nobly
Unto a goodnesse of so fair deservings
As this now showne; see there be present order
For her Majestie's attendance, and swee Coz
With-draw from the cold ayre. *Exit,*

Qu. Farewell Matilda;
Oh pardon me for heavens sake, now I find
Thy soul is Christall.

Ma. Remember to the King
Good Madam my great sorrows; and forget not

King John and Matilda,

To tell him this, that woman in whose heart
Vertue and honour stand a paire of Centinels;
The Sea may sooner flame, fire admit frost,
E've such a woman fall from heaven: Oh she,
Who as a regular star, keeps vertues speare,
Shews like a Pearl hung in an Angels care.

Qu. Thou noble soul of goodnesse. *Exit.*

A Chaire of state discover'd, Tables and Chaires responsive; a Guard making a lane: Enter between them, King John, Pandulph the Popes Legate, Chester, Oxford, and all the Kings Party: After them, Fitzwater, Richmond, Leicester, and Bruce; the King (holding the Crown) kneeling on the left side of the Chaire, Pandulph possessing it.

K. Lo in the sight of Prelates Peers,
Of Earth and Heaven, of all that beares
My words; I John Plantagaent,
(With all submissive reverence,) set
My Crowne at the most sacred foot
Of Innocent the Third, unto'r
I joine my Kingdom; giue them free
Unto his pious clemencie:
And for the follies of my Raigne,
Heats of my youth, and the rough straine
Of riper years, my Rebellions, my high hand,
My six yeares Interdictien, and
Al my mis-doings; I this, and those,
Submit to the Popes power to disclose.

Pan. You have by times retracted, and your foot now
Beats out a certain path; in these Lords lights of I do
Produce the Letter, drawn Obligatory
From John of England to his Holinesse,
Peruse it sir, you are there oblig'd to pay,
(As yearly from this day Renting your Kingdoms)
To Innocent the Third, and to his Snceffors
A thousand marks per annum.

K. It runnes so.

Pan. Yes, three hundred for Ireland, & seven for England.

Fitz. Do not peruse it John, though thou and we
Have had some bickerings, yet let me counsell thee,
This is my Countries Cause.

Pan.

A Tragedie.

Pan. You, and your Country
Have cause in this Cause to rejoyce.

Fitz. Good, good, Sir *Pandolph*,
Though in our filiall love to our Mother Church,
By his Holinesse command, we stay'd from *Hartford*;
Yet lets have fair play, do not wrong that mother,
Apparelling her comely holy face,
With a forehead full of frowns, pleited proceedings.

Pan. You raile.

Fitz. I do not raile,
Although I hold and reverence the Chair,
(We had been at *Hartford* else, and not at *London*,)
Yet in a true breast we should nothing see,
But holy pure, unmixt simplicity.

K. Give me the pen.

Leis. Will you then signe?

K. Yes, you rough Sonnes of faction,
And hook your stubborn nostrils, this is Rubarb
To your smooth pallats: give me the pen to write.

Fitz. Do not write *John*.

K. Do not prate fool.

Fitz. In sooth that write
Will wrong thee; Children and Fools tell truth;
Remember that.

Pan. There was no way like this,
To beat a path out to your peace.

Ki. Right Reverend

Pand. proffers to descend.

And holy Sir, receive to the Popes use,
His will, and your own charge: Sir, descend not,
But ere you re-invest me, hear me tell
A tale of sorrow, behold here these Lords,
who had been now bruiling the face of peace
With unkind buffets, but for *Vinchester*,
Your strict compulsion, and their seeming fear
Of deserv'd interdiction; but oh spright,
No Devill deceives like th' household hypocrite,
These of my Court, with young *Bruce* now inscōc'd.

King John and Matilda,

At *Hartford*, whither it may hair brain'd *Richmond*
hath retir'd his discontents.

O. Brn. We misse our hopes else.

K. These bandy faction with me, and with their drums
(*Lew'd* linguists to interpret their disloyalties)

Brave me i'th field, deform th'afflicted face
Of trembling *England* with foul bloody stains,
Larums at hideous midnight, they break my sleeps,
Fill them with fearfull dreams, terrible startings,
And with the griefe of my unfriendly fears,
Force me to pierce my pillow with my tears.

Pan. Unnaturall cruelty,
Able to melt marble into compassionate tears.

Ox. Dainty dissembler.

O. Brn. Now may it please you----

Pan. Peace untill his holinesse command be finished;
Ascend your now true Seat sir, and from the hand *Pan. gives*
Of my selfe *Pandulph*, Legate for the Pope, *John the Chair.*
(*Observing the due payments specified,*)
Receive your Crown and Kingdoms; and with them
We here pronounce your absolute readmission
Into the Church, and from his holnesse
We re-invest you; with all Powers, Prerogatives,
Freedomes, Communities, (and in the strength of effecacy;)
That constantly adhears to lawfull Princes,
And an obedient Son unto the Church,
Long life to *John of England*, *VVales* and *Ireland*,
The lawfull King! *Flourish.*

Leis. I am mad.

Fitz. So, so, now we must suffer
The Kingdoms ancient Liberties, Land, lives,
And all to run the course that he shall steere,
Good heaven that I were dead, what do I here. *weeps.*

O Brn. But i'tle not asse-like bear my Countries wrongs,
Mine own at home, and like a Court Camelion,
Give thanks unto mine injurer; hear me King *John.*

K. You shall hear us sir first; we have been clouded

A Tragedie.

Six years, but like the Sun in his Meridian,
We now again are glorious; thus in briebe,
Leister we require strong pledge for your loyalty;
Bruce call your mad Son home from *Flarford*,
Your Wife and Sonne shall better speed at *Gniford*,
For *Richmond* in our re-assumed power.
We will proclaime him Traytor, and *Fitzwater*,
Either give up *Matilda* for your faith, or heare
What we shall sentence.

Leif. We must stand then
What thunder you shall throw, perform with us,
We kisse your royall hands.

O. Bru. If not, we stand
Rocks in our resoluton.

K. D'ee heare them now sir?

Fitz. Nay, nay, let him hear me too then:
Lord Legate *Pandulph*; thus 'tis,
And thus you may informe his holiness,
In a field cal'd running-Mead 'twixt *Staines* and *Winsor*,
After some bloody noses on both sides,
I tell truth I; there the King and Barrons
Met for discussion of conceiv'd wrongs,
And indeed not misconceiv'd, our Houses, Honours,
Our Fathers freedoms, the Lands ancient Liberties
(Unjustly to encrease some private Coffers)
Felt daily Demunition, there to Covenants drawn,
(Bearing the name and sence of *Magna Charta*,
Which many hundred years may be seen hereafter)
King *John* subscrib'd, we swore him fealty,

K. Which fealty they deny'd, till our assoylment
Of our six years Interdiction, forcing us therefore
To seal unlawfull liberties.

Leif. Upon our honours,
They were but what Antiquity prov'd lawful.

Ox. Oh but my Lord.

Fitz. Tut, tut, Lord me no Lords,
He broak, we powted, I tell plain truth I,

King John and Matilda,

Yet fell into no relapse of hostility,
But wot ye what, he casts a covetous eye,
Upon my Daughter, passionately pursues her,
There had been other pledges but our oaths else;
(For heaven knows thm he had) and (amongst the rest)
Matilda must be my pledge, for well he deem'd
They yielding their, shame would brand my denyall,
But catch craft, when we put truth to triall,
Kings should have shining souls, and white desires
Enflam'd with zeale, not parch'd by Paphian fires;
So shines the soul in which vertue doth throwd,
Is a serene skie bespotted with no cloud,
But a Copper conscience whil't the head wears Gold,
Is but a plain down-right untruth well told,
Come, come, I cannot fawn.

K. But in the passion

Gf a Dog sir you can snarl; have you talk all your words?

Fitz. I have told truth I.

K. Then we will fall to deeds,

Oxford command a Guard, and present;
Take them to'th Tower; we can now talk and do,
Away with them, and muzzel those fierce Mastiffes,
That durst leap at the face of Majestie,
And strike their killing fangs into honours heart;
Are they not gone? we shall be passionate
In your delay.

O. Bru. Come Leicester, let us wear
Our sufferings like Garland.

Leif. Tempest nor death,
Could never out do Leicester, who dares dye
Laughing at times poyson'd integrity.

Fitz. Now by my troth 'twas very nobly spoken,
Shall I turne tale; no, no, no, lets go,
But how things will be carried; ha! are these teares
Body of me? they are; Shall I go like a sheep
With this pair of Lyons; ha, ha, ha,
I do laugh now John, and I'll tell thee why,

A Tragedy.

Th'art yet in thy green *May*, twenty seven Summers
Set in our Kalends, but when forty Winters more
Shall roun'd thy forehead with a field of snow,
And when thy comely veins shall cease to flow,
When thote majestick eyes shall float in rhumes,
When giant Nature her own selfe consumes,
When thy swift Pulies shall but slowly pant,
When thou art all a Volum of my want,
(That like a tale-spint firethou shalt sinck,) j/
Then *John* upon this lesson thou wilt think
He dyes a happy old man, whose sweet youth
Was a continued sacrifice to truth;
I must weep now indeed.

Ki. Away with them. *Exit.*

Pan. Unto King *John*, the favour of his holinesse,
With peace and happinesse. *Exit.*

K. Which we return
With all filiall obedience--- look up *Oxford*,
The day breaks, and the Sun hath chaste the night
Out of our Hemisphere. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Ox. Your news sir?

Gen. Letters from the Queen sir.

K. Was the Earl *Richmond* there with any powers
E're your departure. *K reads.*

Gen. No may it please your Majestie, we heard not of him,
But all on your part went fair and fortunate.

K. Oh *Oxford* now they have her, lie back like lightning,
Tell him this day wee'l meet them all at *Barnet*. *Exit Gen.*

Ox. But her Father and her friends imprisonment
May obdurate her heart, they dare not sure
On the great perill of a curse to fall
Into a Relapce now you are absolute.
Faith in trief smooth paths to your ends, to release them,
I hold the winningst way to captivate
Their duties, and *Maudslays* to your wishes.

K. Goodly do not kill me joy before our going,
Instantly thou shalt lie with the Lords release, ✓

King John and Matilda,

We pine in our delays, oh Cupid! swiftly
Fly into Paphos, and from thy Mothers shrine,
Catch but a timple wanton flame, and cast it
Into the bulie Kingdome of my heart,
That it may teach my tongue the art of victory,
And every year unto thy well spent Quiver
I'll add a shaft, and call it Cupids love Dart;
Come Oxford, I tread methinks on aire,
Untill I read that Volum of sweet grace,
The well writ story of Matilda's face.

Ox. She yeelds at last my life on't fir. *Exit.*

Actus 3. Scœna I.

Enter Brand reading of a Letter.

Will Brand, these are to certifie, That Fortune, Mistresse
of Changes, with my unluckie stars, hath branded me a pri-
soner to my most mortall Enemy young Bruce.

Bra. That mad Tamberlaine..

Let. My entreaty is none of the noblest, but direct against my
blood, my desires, and my deservings.

Bra. Oh that I had a leg of that young Bruce, but mine'd I
and butter'd.

Let. I am credibly possest, his Maiestie hath, into your custody
committed his Mother, and her young Sonne George, whereby you
have occasion cast into your hand to parallel their sufferings with
my fortunes; not that I would have you banish humanity.

Bra. He need never have writ that Bawds and Serjeants have
sav'd me the labour.

Let. Nor give to deep a wound to Conscience.

Bra. Another labour sav'd too,
Usurers do it daily

Let. But as I let you understand how I am here accommodated,
so hope the duty of a Servant to parallel in their persons, your vil-
lified Mr Ralph Chester.

Bras.

A Tragedie

Brav. Brave Lord, the Laddar of my fortunes, that
suffer on that side, and for humanities sake, and thred-bait
conscience (a couple of cousin-Germans, that thrieth a weeke
know not where to get a supper;) shall the friends of him that
stands Lord of thy fortunes, and thy profess foe, fare well
here; now I talk of fare, I receiv'd this Letter yesterday, and
since they have neither eaten bit, nor drunk drop, nor by these
ten stealers shall not, till I heare againe from my Lord---:
Come out madam Mother, and your young prating brat--- they
do look hungry already. *Enter Lady and Boy.*

La. What would our unkind Jaylor?

Boy. Sure Mōth'r Mr. *Brav* hath brought us victuals.

Bra. No sirrah, I come to tell you to day is fasting day.

La. Two dayes together,

Good Mr. *Brav*, tis not mine own want begs,

But my poor Boyes; I have held him pretty pastime,

To have him yet forget that wild wools hunger,

And still the harmlesse soul would point each period

Of his sport, crying Mōther give me bread.

Bra. She has a winning way,

Her carriage and her person are both exquisite;

Faith tell me Madam, what would you give for some victuals

To give your Son?

La. Any thing, set thou the price thou shalt have Gold.

Boy. And truly sir, if you'l but give me a Cake,

Or a Capons legge, when I am a man,

I'll give you twenty shillings to buy your Boy fine things.

Bra. If you dare lye with me,

You and your Sonne shall both have sustenance.

La. Harken good heaven, what saies the man?

Boy. He would lie with you Mother,

But then when I am a bed too, there

Will be no room for my Father.

Bra. Be as plain and brieve as I was, dare yee d'ye?

La. No thou bad man, I dare not.

Bra. No body shall see by this band,

La. Thou lyest thou feind, shouldst thou

King John and Matilda;

The Towers would tremble, and turn Intelligencers
To all the passengers; the walls would shudder,
The E. churchions, Streamers, Baunces, all the Reliques
Of fame and honour, would fall down, to see
Honour and Fame wounded.

Bra. See! I am a sham'd to hear you,
If such sinnes could not be done without being seen,
Informers would have a fine trade on't, a Parators place
Would counvaile five Serjeants; ha, ha, seen kither;
Why there would not be sheets enough in the Land
For the penitent, and innocent Beadles enough to correct the
Guilty; Come, come, we'll do't i' the dark then.

La. In the dark said'st thou?
Oh in the deepest darknesse, the white Angels
Will stare upon thee, and with flaming eyes
Will make make the room appear to thy wild conscience,
Twice lighter then the Sunne:

'Tis a foul Devil that insinuates to thee,
The sower sweetnesse of a deluded minute;
He has borrowed a white robe, pluck it off from him,
And thou wilt see him a black hideous monster,
How with a slavish look he will creep from thee,
Displeas'd that thou art false again in love,
With holy goodnesse.

Bra. How my Conscience wambles.

Boy. Do, do, good sir, think of it,
It will make you give's some bread.
And then you'll be a very honest man.

Bra. I have heard you.

La. And with a thirsty soul I hope.

Bra. Yes, as Usurers heare Sermons, more for novelty then
integrity, I love good words when I pay nothing for 'em;
what do you see in me that I should appear unworthy of your
grace?

La. Because in that request,
Thou appear'st to me as ugly as a Toad.

Bra. A Toad!

A Tragedie.

Boy. I, and a Frog to if you go to that,
Doe not cry Mother.

Bra. Get you both in, by this victorious sword,
And by the horrid odious comparison,
(for such a one first in e made comparisons odious)
Ye get not a bit this seven dayes.

Lady. By that time
My Boy and I shall make a pair of happy ones
In yonder glorious Kingdom; tell me *George*,
Shall this bad man abuse thy Fathers bed?
Or shall we fast yet longer?

Bra. The boy will consent I warrant you,
The Pages have instructed him.

Boy. Indeed I am very hungry.

Bra. Did I not tell you so.

Boy. But rather then this Goat shall lie in my fathers place,
Indeed I'll fast this seven years.

La. Ah noble boy,
Sweet plant of goodnesse, thou hast prov'd it true,
Vertue will with the good it cannot do.

Bra. A terribly ugly Toad.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Queen, and Oxford.

Ox. Good fir ye must be patient.

K. Patient,

Bitternesse d'vells with me: if I do not put him
To an eternall patience, that shall dare
To witch me into that dull fit of fooll;
Matilda won and lost.

Qn. Good fir

K. Away;

Struggle not with the tempest of my blood,
That will undo thee.

Qn. *Richmond* Lyon like,

(After we sent our Letter with the Foreman -
The Barrons had prepar'd,) clouded our day,

King John and Matilda,

And made our fortunes his,
Ches. They put o'th Tower to,
Fitzwater, Bruce, and Leicester, with fresh powers,
Are not a league hence.

K. The Lyon Richmond, a Hare had he met with any,
But field Mice, Rats, Run-aways, and Weezles,
Frighted even with the waving of a Flag,
They would have call'd a scar-crow run'd with straw,
And bound upon a ten goats Irish Garron,
The Glorious Richmond, on his fire Steed;
Oh there is nothing certaine but our sorrows,
Our borrow'd blisse is but the shuttle-cock
Ot a dayes pastime.

Qu. I have pastim'd her, if tearing be a pastime,
Let that comfort you,
I have torne her almost to death.

K. Matilda.

Qu. Yes.

K. And would you have it comfort me?

Qu. I know it does, call but up your Troops,
Bravely again, recover her, and read
Upon her face my fury.

K. Oh ye cruell one,
Crueller then the flame that turn'd to Cinders
The fair Ephesian Temple, wilde as a Wolfe,
The Bear is not so bloody, tear her hairs,
Which when they took their pastime with the winds,
Would charm the astonish'd gazer, tear that face,
Lovely as is the morning, in whose eyes
Stands writ the history of her heart, inscribing
The ravish'd Reader to runne on, 'pon whose eye lids
Discretion dwells, which when a wilde thought
Would at those Casements like a Theefe steale in,
Plays her hearts noble friend, and shuts out sin.

Qu. O why then sir, if she be such a xolum
Of white unvanquish'd snow, would you stain
And blot the faire leaves with your foul dropper

Chaste

A Tragedie.

Chaste, frostie bosomes, brook no lust-born fires.

K. She has put me to my sophistry.

Qu. I knew I was made

Your slave for her obtaining.

Oh why

Raise you so high a Piramis to her praise,

And prostrate your own vertue? if she be

Such a Book of goodnesse (with bad desires)

Why do you read her? she no truth intends,

Seeks to corrupt that Text which he commends,

Good sir consider it.

Enter Hubert.

K. Well, I will think on't; and you will have done.

Hu. Now is the time my Lord,

If ere you would be fortunate in your desires,

Richmond, young Bruce, Matilda,

(With the Earl of *Chester* prisoner,) and a slight convoy

But of some threescore Horse, and two hundred Archers

Are now i'th valley crossing of the County,

'Tis thought for *Essex*.

K. Where are their main Forces?

Hub. Incon't in *Hartford* Castle, our Forces yet

Not so diminish'd, or in rout for want

Of their lost Generall, but if you please,

We dare with hope assail them.

K. I will be Generall,

Order the Powers you have for present on-set.

Qu. My Lord, you said you would consider.

K. I am considering bravely how to charge

The Foe just in the face: *Matilda* I am now thy Souldier,

Friend of my heart, the King himselfe comes for thee,

Who shall in this dayes doings amply prove,

Honour takes fire from the flame of love.

Hu. Good fortune on our side sir. *Exeunt. March. Queen.*

Qu. Hear not that prayer *A Charge as far off.*

Good heaven, oh tempt not vertue to adorn

A foul Cause with fair fortunes: Hark, hark, they meet,

And now pell mell the angry Lords do list.

Un-:

King John and Matilda,

Unnatuall swords, good heaven keep safe the King,
 But let his Cause miscarry; I will not stay
 To see him so pursue those wild desires,
 Which cannot sure end well; i'le to the Lords
 So near at hand, and with *Matilda's* Father,
 Accommodate my griefs, and let there be
 Her feares, my tears, the Kings infirmity. *Exit*

Enter *King, Oxford, and Matilda.*

K. Oxford, shew's now the Kings.

Ma. Most miserable *Matd.*

K. Most excellent *Matilda* all are thy friends,
 Imperious love sat on my lance just then,
 When on the panting brest of daring *Richmond*
 (Who like a melancholly fullen Cloud,
 Eclips'd thy Chariot) thou didst see me print
 My restless passion: *Oxford* keep my happiness,
 Just with that care thou wouldst preserve that pair
 Of precious things, thine eyes; *Chesters* inag'd
 Deep in the Chace, and we must fetch him off;
 Pardon me honour that I plac'd love first,
 My doings now are thine. *Exit.*

Ox. Keep near the King, Gentlemen,
 His unbounded spirit may loose him else; good *Madam*
 Do not lament so, though your friends are scatter'd,
 Y're in a speare of happiness.

Mat. Oh that great power,
 That many times out of this toyl hath taken me,
 Deliver me again, because again,
 Vertue hath made me miserabll. *Enter young Bruce.*

Y. Bru. Oh that necessity
 Should force us unto flight, base flight, repognant
 To man and honour. Ha! nappy flight now,
 That brought me this way.

Mat. Cozen.

Y. Bru. *Oxford,* either give back

That

A Tragedy.

That pure unspotted Dove, from the killing Tallon
Of the forgetfull King, or thou or I
Must never see him more. ?

Ox. That to our fortunes,
I must not faile the King sir.

T. Bru. I must not faile then *Enter Richmond.*
To get her as I can sir. *Fight, Oxford falls!*

Rich. We are scatter'd now
Passe making head againe.

T. Bru. But I have made shift to get my Cuz agen sir.

Rich. Let us not stay now to expostulate, Necessity
Directs us to our friends not a league distant,
If we not fly we are lost.

Ma. Good Cuz lets flie,
Tis no disgrace to obey necessity.

T. Bru. Oh I could stamp and tear that hagge necessity,
Bitter necessity, thou scourge of things
That forces Lyons to wear Swallows wings. *Exe. Maunt Ox.*

Ches. You have plaid the Souldier sir. *to him enter King,*

K. The Souldier *Chester*; I am so light with joy, *Chester,*
I could do any thing. *& others.*

Ches. Troth sir would it might please you then to grace
Me with the President-ship of *Picardy*,
Falne in this last Rebellion from the Lord
Bruce unto your Crown.

K. Tis thine as certaine
As *Matilda* is the Kings: Oh *Chester*, now *Matilda*
Is in the Kings power.

Ox. No sir, she is in heavens.

Ches. Who's this, *Oxford*, lets help to raise him up.

K. What saist thou man? *Matilda*, where is *Matilda*?

Ox. Young *Bruce* in his flight happening upon this way
For her recovery gave me fierce assault;
I did stand for you sir as much as man could,
Till my misfortune found me, then I fell;
To him came *Richmond*, and with all speed possible
They have carried her to'th Lords on tother side the h:ath.

King John and Matilda;

K. Oh villaine, villaine;
Suppose he had cut thy heart strings, hadst thou cast
Thy dying eye upon *Matilda's* face?
She would have shot another spirit into thee,
More daring then the first, at least more fortunate.

Ches. Let him be convey'd to'th Town and drest,
Our best course is now to with-draw, the Lords
Are strong, and may give us dangerous chase else.

K. What are our hopes
Like Garlands; 'pon afflictions forehead worn,
Kist in the morning, and at evening torne. *Exit.*

A Table and Chaires set out.

Enter Fitzwater, old Bruce, young Bruce, Richmond,
and Leicester.

O. Bru. The day is then the Kings.

Rich. White victory

Clapt on her silver wings, with a fullen face,
Took leave of us, and pitched upon his Tent,
Where she sat smiling, while necessity
Enforced our flight.

T. Bru. Oh that witch Necessity.

Fitz. Well, well, away with the witch;
Tis well you brought *Matilda* off; come, come,
Aud brither *Bruce* you have a Wife and Sonne
Unjustly detayn'd from you, I am injur'd,
I pray set you our feet into the path
Of our proceedings.

*Sit to
Council.*

T. Bru. Lets with our powers
Raze *Winfor* walls.

Fitz. Now you are i'th field straight,
Give old men leave; you would raze! what would you raze!
Your reputation with your rash proceedings;
Come, come, hear your Father.

T. Bru. Why let him speak then,

O. Bru. First let us take up our affronts in order,
And fix by ours, the Generalls grievances,
The crying groans of *England*, whose blubberd cheeks

Are

A Tragedie.

Are stiffe with tears, to see their priviledges
Daily impair'd.

Rich. What's to be done?

Leis. Let's send to the *French King*,
Proffer him our assistance, to transfer
The Crown from *John* to him, if at such a day
He will put over a strong Navie Royall,
With an Army for the attempt, with which (our Forces
Making one body) both at at Sea and Land,
We bid fair for our freedoms.

Fitz. I do not like it.

T. Ern. S'foot, you will like nothing;
Let us be ring'd and nooz'd,

O. Bru. Besides, being assoil'd of his six years Interdiction,
Those that before fled from him as a Leaper,
Will now flock to him.

Rich. They begin already,
(Although we seek (with our own) their good,) to censure
And call hostility plain faction.

Leis. This is my resolve, I say there is no way
To fix our freedoms, but to call in *Philip*
And make him King.

Exit Richmond.

Om. So think we all.

Fitz. I but I think not so,
Though y'are all wise for *Philip*, he'l be a gainer,
But what will you get by't? They run on Rocks and shelves,
Can ean counsell others, not secure themselves.

T. Bru. We must and will do something.

Fitz. You will send to *Philip*,
Instruct him to proceed, it may be furnish
His Navie with our Pilots, he lands, we proffer
Change, *John* for *Philip*; oh can you think,
That we can undergo a heavier stroke
From a Naturall, then from a Forreigne yolk;
Go to, go to, who in no estate can rest,
They may change oft, but seldome comes the best.

Ol. Bru. I am diverted.

King John and Matilda,

Leif. Which way would you steer then ?

Fitz. By the same Compass, but not upon this parallel,
I do not like the line ; but this wee'l do,
Wee'l send for *Lewis*, *Philip* Sonne the Dolphine,
And to him (seemingly) preter the proffer,
A Crown will fire him ; may be he shall land,
But with no more Force then we please ; and it may be
He shall take a fisher Town, for every Nation
Can take away their trading as the time goes,
Our maine Force being ready, we will hover
'Twixt *John* and *Lewis* ; if *John* deny an oath
To redresse our griefes, and become regular
And Hostage for the keeping it, we joyne
With the *French* and fright him further ; if he consent,
We fall on his part then, expulse *Lewis*,
And send him to the Seas again ; the Dolphine
Is young and may be wrought on, but old *Philip*
Is dangerously politicke, with foot ashore,
Hee'l brook no juggling, both ease, and safety
We work on Willows, but when we strike at Oaks,
We sweat, and sometimes hurt with our own strokes.

Om. It shall be thus effected.

Leif. But let report divulge his Landing,
With more eminent danger then we will let him practise.

Fitz. For this time *Ent. Queen, Matilda & Ladies.*
Rise then ; See the Queen and Ladies,
Good Madam cast off sadness,
Matilda we are all here i'th City safe ;
The very hearts o'th Citizens (men injur'd
In their priviledges as we are) they are ours,
What shou'd we fear then ? *Enter Richmond.*

Mat. You are all such friends,
I am poor in my well-meaning thankfulness.

Rich. A Barge with divers youthfull Citizens,
Apparell'd rich like Masquers, is now land'd
Upon the Stairs, hearing the Queen was here,
Withall this meeting of their noble friends,

Proffer

A Tragedie.

Proffer their loves and duties to conclude
And grace the evening with their Revels.

Fitz. In the Hall wee'l meet them. Did not I tell you
These Citizens were noble lads our friends?
Waite on the Ladies Lord, I am here your Graces servant,
By my troth I thank 'em, they will crown our feast,
And credite me, having such a princely guest. *Exeunt.*

Loud Musick;

Enter at one doore *Fitzwater*, old *Bruce*, young *Bruce*,
Leister, *Matilda* and *Ladies*; at the other doore,
the *King*, *Chester*, *Oxford*, *Masquers*.

A Dance.

Fitz. Now by my troth they are gallants,
Citizens said you; now I remember to,
Ye do go gallant in your Shops, no wonder then,
If in Masques you cut it. I remember Gentlemen,
Your Fathers wore a king of comely habite,
Comely, because it wel became the reverend name of Citizens,
But now let a Knight walk with you in your shops,
(And I commend you for't, ye keep the fashion)
We know not which is which---; how my tongue ranges,
And night grows old, mad times, must have mad changes;
Come, come, a Hall, a hall. *The Masquers take the Ladies,*

Qu. Beleeve me you have done well. *and fall to the Dance.*

T. Bru. Pox a' these Cats guts, how they squeak.

Methinks a rattling sheep-skin lustily boxt,
Would thunder brave amongst them. *One of the Torch bearers*

Mat. I can dance no more indeed sir. *takes Matilda.*

Fitz. I am deceiv'd if that fellow did not carry

A Torch e'n a row;

Will you shame the Gentleman?

Dance when I bid you.

Mat. Oh me, that graspe was like the Kings.

O. Bru. Dance Cuz.

Fitz. In good deed dance,

Or you will make me angry.

The K. pulls her violently.

Body of me, that's too much for a Torch-bearer,

King John and Matilda,

You sir Jack, sir Jack, she is no whit-leather,
She will not stretch I assure you, if you come hither
For love so 'tis.

K. For love.

Fitz. But if you and your Company,
Put on forgetfull rudenesse, pray take your *Cupid* yonder,
Your thing of feathers, and your Barge stands ready
To bear ye all aboard the ship of Fools,
I am plain *Robin*—passion of me!
Look if he do not threaten me; I will see thee,
Wert thou King *John* himselfe. *Pulls off his Vizard.*

Om. The King! Mat. Oh which way shall I flie?

Qu. I would not leave so sweet a chaste companion.

Exeunt Qu. Mat. Rich, and Ladies. *In the bustle, Fitzwater drops one of his Gloves, Hubert takes it up, and goes after the Ladies.*

Hub. What's this, one of her Fathers Gloves?

This shall be drawn upon the luckie hand of a thriving plot.

K. Behold thy King, thine *Bruce*, one of the Fathers
Of these retir'd factions; *Richmond*, thy King,
And thine rough *Leister*; is this still your nest
Wherein to hatch another Scorpions Egge,
To sting the afflicted bosome of your Country,
To bruise her sides with the earth-wounding hoofs
Of War-apparell'd Horses, whose dreadful neighings
May fright her pale face to a bloody blush,
And again make her groane.

Fitz. Your pardon sir,

By my good Sword I knew ye not.

Chef. No, if you had,
Your dangerous Brother *Bruce* and you, had laid
Some plot for his sacred person; then pleaded ignorance,
That ye took him as he seem'd, a sawcy stranger.

Y. Bru. *Chester*, Thou art not noble in thy censure,
And tawn'st thy selfe into the abus'd favour
Of the to-credulous King.

Chef. Oh temptation, what a Devill art thou;
Now by my blood young man, you court my spleen
In a vain glorious shape; *Chester* fawne,
Just heaven forbid it.

Y. Bru.

A Tragedie.

Y. Brw. An Axe upon your neck, the just heavens give you—
And that in heaven were justice---

Ol. Brw. Sonne, y'are too full of choller.

Y. Brw. Choller, Halter.

Fitz. By the masse that's neer the choller.

K. Upon your lives no more, the King is here;

Fitzwater, I did not come to quarrell with thee,

I would have such a good man ever neer me,

And for a florish to the rest (of whom

As of old *Bruce* we have) we will require strict pledges, and

Fitzwater let thy Daughter live at Court, she shall be kept

I'h custody of the Queen, but as no pledge.

Fitz. The Queen is graciously.

K. Come, to their ruines leave these turbulent Lords.

Fitz. But suppose the Queen should ride abroad to hunt,
And leave *Matilda* solitary at home,

I think the King would come and comfort her.

Ki. I am of thy mind, I think he would.

Fitz. Would he so?--- I would have no one hear. *Takes*

K. They cannot man. *the K. aside,*

Fitz. Pray tell the King, ile keep my Girle at home,
And comfort her my selfe.

K. You will.

Fitz. *John, John,* now I speak out ;
You made your Masque for this, a Masque indeed,

And wel-aday ! that it should prove a Cover

For such a night of Tempests, such wilde affections,

Such an ill-favour'd night. *Enter Hubert.*

K. Hubert, is't done ?

Hub. Past expectation, I have better'd your plot,
And got the Queene too,

And will bring them early in the morning to'th Court.

K. Have the Torch-bearers given fire to the plot?

Hub. They mixt with opportunity. *Enter Richmond.*

Fitz. I do not like this whispering,
Where are the Ladies and *Matilda*?

Rich. The Ladies are at the further side the Castle,

But...

King John and Matilda,

But by a Glove you sent by a Gentleman,
That said he serv'd Earle *Leister*, that with him
She and the Queene should flie for safety whither
You had directed him, glad of any scape,
They took a Barge, another leapt in after them,
But whom he was I know not. *Exit.*

Ol. Bru. Sent you a Glove.

Fitz. A Glove indeed I misse, but I sent none.

Leif. This is a Riddle.

K. I will play *Oedipus*, and expound it for you,
As *Hubert* has infus'd; you drop'd your Glove,
Ingenius *Hubert* found it, and (though we
Had directed otherwise,) he employ'd a Gentleman
Of our own Chamber, one unknown to *Matilda*,
To bring it as your close intelligence
For her flight with him; he that leapt into'th Barge,
As they put of, was *Oxford*, now we have her
Never again to lose her.

Leif. By my vext blood

King John, this is not honourable.

Enter Richmond.

Rich. We are betray'd,

All that bore Torches in the Masque to night,
Were of the Guard, who upon a receiv'd watch-word,
Fell to their Arms, beat down all oppos'd them,
And are shaping their course this way.

Y. Bru. Lets meet 'em,

We have an injur'd patience, came death in whistle-winds,
He be the first shall front him; to thy prayers *John*,
Pray heartily, that thy friends' fatall points
May pierce these hearts; for if they misse 't shall prove
The bloodiest beauty story ever told
To fright the Readers souls; a purple cloud
Shall shadow *England*, the whole Land shall reele,
The Center gravels, thy very Crown shall stand
Trembling upon thy Temples, till it fall
A Mourner at thy fumes black funerall. *Exit.*

Fitz. Oh noble Nephew.

Exeunt Barons.

K.

A Tragedy.

K. Ha, ha, ha, let 'em rave on ; Ingenious *Habers* !
That couldst so swiftly apprehend a smooth
Path to'th possession of *Matilda* !
Quit *Oxford* from her charge ; unto thy care
The King commends the Mistresse of his heart,
I' th morning let me see her.

Hu. She shall waite upon you sir.

Ches. The Barrons threaten high sir.

K. Let them burst.

Come Gentlemen, to'th Barge, and so to'th Court,
To clip our wishes, perills appear sport. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Enter Brand.

Eran. I Wonder how my pair of Prisoners sadge ?

I am something dogged too a to'ther side,
That thus long have not seen them, nor have they cate ?

I am sure since they came in ; in yon Madams eye

I am as ugly as a Toad, I will see her,

And contemn her---, you and your brat come out, *Ent. Lady
and Boy.*

Boy. O Mother, will you be sick now ?

Mr. Brand hath brought us meat.

La. Oh on my knee sir

I thank you, not for my want, for I feel
Nature almost quite vanquish'd ; but for my Sonne,
He may live long to thank you.

Boy. Give but my Mother
A little piece of bread, and if I live,
(as yet I may do, if you can be mercifull)
I will tell my Father such good things of you,
He shall return your kindnesse treble back
To your honest tosome ; Oh Mother for some bread.

Era. Some bread ?

King John and Matilda,

Why to have an honest bosome (as the world goes) .
Is the next way to want bread; I faith tell me,
How have you pass't the time you wanted Victuallr?

Lady. Very hardly,
And still the poor Boy, sighing, would say, Mother
You look very hungry, I did think straight how hard
Your heart was, then we both did fall a weeping,
Cling'd our lean armes about each others necks,
And sat a pair of mourners.

Bra. Delicate pastime, Toads love no other;
Look yee, here is bread.

Boy. Oh if you be a good man, give me but a bit,
To give my Mother, poor soul look how she looks!
Indeed she's very hungry.

Bra. Yes, so is my Dogge, *Puts it up again.*
I must keep this for his breakfast.

La. Give but my boy one bit,
And the Saints sure will look how good you are,
They will be glad to see you charitable,
And call it excellent compassion.

Bra. No, cunning from a Toad 'twill pryson him.

Boy. It will not sir, inde'd I am so hungry,
I could eat Rats or Mice.

Bra. Your to'ther hair braine,
Your wilde mad Sonue, retaines my Lerd a Prisoner,
Uses him basely, and you must suffer for't.

Lady. Give me but Paper, Pen and Inck, I'll write,
And charge him to fall down, and lick the dust
Thy Lord shall set his foot on, I will conjure him;
And woe away his wildnesse by the groars
I suffer'd for him, I'll threaten his denyall
With a Mothers family-confounding curse:
This I will do, or any thing that may
But purchase my poor Boy onebit of bread.

Bra. No.

La. O harder then the Rocks, more mercilesse
Then the wilde evening Woolf. *falls.*

Boy

A Tragedie.

Boy. Mother do not die,
For heavens sake helpe my Mother; Mother look up
And ye shall see me dance, and then the Gentleman
Will sure bestow a piece of bread upon us.

La. Look here thou Iron-hearted man. upon
A palre of piercing miseries.

Bra. A Scene of mirth;
I am all hard, the heat of lust which stood
To clip revenge, we stem a stream of blood.

Exit.

Boy. How do ye Mother?

La. How doth my Boy.

Boy. Very sick indeed; but I warrant you are more hungry
Then I a great deale, are you not?

La. Oh no,
Thou art weake, and famine plaies the Tyrant with thee;
Look here my boy, bite on thy Mothers arme,
The blood will nourish thee.

Boy. Will your blood nourish me?

La. Yes, yes, I prethee try.

Boy. Why should not mine then nourish you? 'tis the same;
Good Mother eat my arme, bite but a bite,
Truly I shall hurt you if I bite yours,
I warrant you'll be better presently.

La. I shall my Sonne, and so shalt thou, come neere me,
Let us go hand in hand to Heaven.

Boy. Oh mother, something pinch'd my very heart,
And I shall die, my dear, dear mother.

Dies.

Lady. Art thou gone my Sonne?
My soule shall overtake thee: oh friendly death
That gav'st that gripe, sure when thou kill'st the guilty,
Frowns curle ihy angry forehead; but when thou steal'st
Towards innocence, (their pale sears to beguile) *Enter Brand*
Thou deck'st thy lean face with a lovely smile. *Dyes. reading*

Bra. My Lord recover'd by the valiant King! *a Letter.*
In all his battels he is fortunate,
And now tdey shall have meate; ha! meat said I?
I have made them worms meate;

King John and Matilda,

O h what a talking is within me! if I stay,
Th: building fire will crush me, it's ha t to th Court,
My Lord here intimates the Kings observance of me,
I must hence; oh gnile, thou draw'st deaths image horrid,
When we begin to like our ill, how sweet a face hath sin!
Which but past by, a cheater she appears,
Joyes are her promise, but she pales us fears. *Exit.*

Enter Hubert, Queen, and Matilda, a Gentleman.

Hub. Your care in the conveyance of *Matilda*
To this appointed place, the King shall recompence,
With-draw your selfe.

Gent. I shall my Lord. *Exit.*

Q^a. Matilda, where's that spirit that kept thy vertue
Valiant and bold?

Mat. If vertue so ill pay us,
Who would be vertuous?

Hu. Verue! pale poverty
Reproach, disaster, shame sits on her forehead,
Despising fill her sleep, ill savour'd inuices
Meet her at every turne, tears are her triumphs,
Her drink affliction, Calumny attends her,
The unclean tongue of slander daily licks her
Out of her fashion; but if you be Kings *Johns* friend---

Mat. Oh strong temptation.

Q^a. Matilda---

Hub. You may like
A nimble wind, play on the rustling bosome
Of that phantassick wood, the world; your sleeps a paradise
hung round with glittering dreames, then your dissemblings
Wi t e call'd devotions, your rigged cold hypocrisie
Religions holy heats, mirth decks the Court daies,
The wanton minutes glide just like a streame,
That clips the bosome of a wealthy meade,
Till't get it great with child; a sweet green blessing.
Consider, 'tis the King.

Mat.

A Tragedie.

Ma. I, I, the King.

Qu. Trust not this tempter, lust, irreligious linguist,
Remember vertue is a holy flame,
A sacred inclination of the soul
To all things honest.

Mat. I can resist no longer,
Oh *Hubert*, you are a victorious tempter.

Qu. Can this be possible?

Hub. Forget not, at the beginning
Of this sweet race, honour hold out for you
A golden Garland.

Qu. Oh remember,
At the end of chastities white race, an Angell
Holds in his hand (shot through a silver Cloud,)
A Crown for Conquerers.

Hub. Will ye loose the pleasure that----

Ma. I, I, those pleasures *Hubert*, there is a voyce
Of flesh and frailty in me, that still cries,
Matilda take those pleasures, and I am now
The Kings for ever.

Qu. Let the Queen then cut from earth
Such a dissembler. *Offers violence to Matil. Hubert*

Hub. Nay but you shall not. *stays her.*

Qu. Shame and death dwell
With a goodnesse so short-liv'd, thou handsome hypocrite,
Thou faith-defrauder, a religious qualme
Crossing the stomach of a seeming Saint,
Which falls straight into humoor, all thy devotions
Prove now but well-clad cheaters of Times Charity,
Thy griefs, and sighs, are but sins crafty games, *Matilda*
Their soon spent flames play like holy flames. *and Hub.*

Hub. It shall be so; to some remote place, shut *whisper.*
from the danger of the angry Queen I'll carry you,
And thither bring the King.

Mat. I long to see him.

Qu. *Hubert*, wilt thou play the Court Camellion,
The persum'd Pander.

King John and Matilda,

Hub. Yes marry will I, Panders have need of perfumes.

Qu. Oh merry sinne!

We smile towards Hell, but howl when we are in,

Hub. Name but the place Madam, and religiously I vow,
By th'unstain'd honour of my Name and Honour,
By the white reputation of a Gentleman,
And as I wish for after happinesse, my care
Shall see it instantly in execution.

Mat. My Cousen *Bruce*, Earl *Richmond*, with the convoy,
The King discomfited, they would madly have carried me
To *Dunmow Abbey* in fruitfull *Essex*.

Hub. S'foot a thousand Kings
could not thence recover ye, but name the place
Whither I shall carry you, good Madam whither?

Mat. Good *Hubert* thither.

Falls on her knees.

Hub. What to a Monastery?

Qu. Call her dissembling,
No sinne good heaven, for she is still a Sainr.

Mat. Upon my knee I begge it, and every day
When I shall drop a Bead, I'll strongly pray
That you may find a blessing.

Qu. Hark *Hubert*.

Hub. There is something tells me there is honour in it,
To grant her good request.

Mat. Mark how your Oath ran,
By the honour of your House;
By the white reputation of a Gentleman,
And as you wish for after happinesse.
You'd put my wish in speedy execution.
Oh *Hubert* mark, he his house pulls down,
That wounds his honour, though to please a Crown,
By Heraulds he's a Gentleman maintain'd,
Whose reputations whitenesse stands unstain'd,
And he in after happinesse stands high,
That dares not with a sinne by soveraignty.

Hub. Excellent Oratory!

Qu. *Hubert*, for truths sake.

Mat.

A Tragedie.

Mat. Oh *Hubert*, for the glorious Crown of chastity,

Qu. For the victorious Palme of Wedlock faith,

Mat. By the immaculate souls of holy Maids,

Qu. And by the unstain'd truth of honest wives,

Mat. By the tears of Virgins,

Qu. By the truth of vertue,

Mat. Oh now to honour *Hubert* give thy name,
Sweet blooming vertue knows no blush of shame.

Hub. The rarenesse of your souls has ravish'd me,
Wee'l change our course, steere through bridge, and so
For *Essex* and for *Dunmow*, victorious Maid,
Rhetorick is poor in thy praise, whom a King,
Nor soveraignty, (the soul of womens longings,)
Cannot corrupt! -- Oh women! Men-subduers!
Natures extreames! no meane is to be had;
Excellent Good, or infinitely bad!

Ambo. Most noble *Hubert*.

Exeunt.

Enter *King*, *Fitzwater*, *Chester* and *Oxford*.

K. 'Twas well yet that the trick has catch'd this old one,
Where are the rest?

Ches. *Richmond* is gone for *France*,
Leister escap'd to *Winfor*.

K. How I thirst
To make mine arms walthy with sweet *Matilda*.

Fitz. Oh if a Fathers prayers, an old mans tears,
An injur'd old mans tears, were ever prevalent,
Good heaven keep my Girle a *Christall Fort*,
Firme and unvanquish'd.

K. *Hubert* my friend now has her:
Will it please the mighty Emperor of the Barrons,
The King may kisse *Matilda*, she will be here presently,
Then shall the great *Fitzwater* sit in state,
And see *Matilda* and the poor King dallie,
And teach the winds to wanton; *Hubert* now has her,
The faithful't of my friends, from contrarieties

We

King John and Matilda,

We will produce soft pleasures, sweet perfections;
Sirrah, *Chester* shall tell me when she then frowns, and
Wee'l Court her cheeks into a comely smile;
If she but raise that milkie hill, her breath,
With respirations, *Oxford* shall swear
it is a sigh, and I will seem to chide
His rashnesse, and protect love rais'd that gale,
Just as her heart for my heart had set sale.

Fitz. Heare heaven!

K. *Chester* shall watch her when she weeps, and tell me
They are *Matilda's* tears, when I will presently
With a lovers pleasing fervency, protest
They are Pearls, by passion forc'd from *Cupids* Chest.

Oxf. But what shall *Hubert* do,
Your bosome friend?

Ki. He shall with pretty thwarting passages
(To please *Matilda*,) seeme to make me angry,
And tell me 'tis impossible now t'obtain her;
Whereupon (impatient, to illustrate love
With a new passion) oh how I will rave!
Misuse him strangely, and close up the sweet Scone
Upon *Matilda's* lip.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Letters from th'Earl *Hubert* sir,

K. His name but now,
(Like a beloved passenger,) took leave
Of my unwilling lips, he waits directions
Concerning her from me, good *Chester* read it,
I cannot read and rejoyce too, *Fitzwater*
Listen, and rave.

Chester reads.

Letter. May it please your excellent Majestie, it hath pleas'd
heaven so thoroughly to captivate my reason by the potent pleadings
of your vertuous Queene, and unmatched *Matilda*, that I hold it
now impossible for your Majestie ever to obtain her.

K. Ha!

Fitz. That last was musick.

K. Nay kill us all, kill us all; will ye read on sir?

Let. Briefly, by that time these Letters kisse your Royall hands,

the

A Tragedy.

She will be cloysterd up in Dunmow Abbey, and end her dayes a
Vestall, wheither I could not choose but convey her, being thereun-
to forcibly charmed by her teares and entreaties, and especially
forc'd by a secret command from heaven to mine owne conscience;
I remaine your most excellent Majesties transgressing servant
Hubert.

K. Most excellent villain:

Fitz. Observe King John, e're heaven will vertue faile,
Contrary meanes, all winds shall fill her saile.
Ches. How like a Hart, the Greyhounds chaps still at her,
Yet still she scapes! the King is full of tempest.

K. She's gone for ever.
Oh Hubert let us never meet again,
Never more meet; Fitzwater fetch her but back,
As from the first, so from this. *Isabel*
We'll be divorc'd, marry and set *Matilda*
I'th regall Chaire, the Kings admired Mistresse.

Fitz. But will ye say and do sir?

K. Yet there is hope; now by my Crown I will,
We shall be Sonne and Father, thou and I
Will walke upon our Pallace battlements,
And thou shalt carty up a coverous eye,
And thou shalt cast that coverous eye about
The fair, delightful village-spotted valleyes,
Thou shalt stand still, and think, and recollect
The troubl'd longings of thy large desires,
And whatsoever thou shalt aske the King,
(Of all thou see'st) the King shall give it thee.

Fitz. Well, let one one ride before, and certifie
That we are comming.

K. *Chester*, put on wings;
Thou good old man, the bird that croak'd new kings. *Exeunt*

H

Actus

King John and Matilda;

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

Enter King and Fitzwater, Oxford meeting them.

K. These are the Abby walls; Oxford what news?

Ox. Matilda is afraid to venture forth,
But on yon battlements it was her promise, Enter Abbess and
With the Lady Abbess to appear—and see fir. Matilda above.

K. Give us leave! Oh were that habite
Not so unkind, a foe to faire increase,
I'de call it then celestiall, and swear
A bright star mov'd in that immaculate sphere.

Matilda! Mistresse of many Graces!
And lovely as the blith that breaks the day!
Cast thy commanding eyes upon a King,
Whom love hath made a begger;

Ab. Why hunts the King
With such a violent pursuit, a chaste Dove,
That hath given up her name to heaven, and stands above
White as her spotlesse vesture.

Fitz. Lady Abbesse,
Pray give me leave, and hearken my Matilda,
I bring thee golden news my Child; we have cast
An ill-becommimg Calumnie upon
The Kings love all this while; for he protests
To be divorc'd from Isabell the Queene,
And by marriage set thee in his Bed,
A plant to spring and prosper; women naturally
Do affect sovereignty; wilt thou runne retrograde
In this faire Zodiack? though all wayes yet
Have fail'd, this will take I am sure.

To the King.

Mat. Who hath taught my Father
To turn Apostate to that integrity
Sleep in his noble breast? through a divorce
I run to golden ruine; the King marry me?

K.

K. And make thee Queen of him, and two large Kingdoms,
The Christian world when they shall hear, shall wonder,
And magnifie in their abundant praises,
The glory of our Marriage.

Mat. Oh my Lord, here I can call necessity,
Excellent Pyhsick for a vast desire,
Our wants are holy waters, cast on lust's fire.

Fitz. Oh brave, brave Girle!
That I had thee here to buss thee,
Her very breath did smell of heaven.

K. Matilda!

Fitz. I have found thee Gold my Girle,
These are glorious wrestlings,
Celestial strugglings; passion of me, that joy
Should carry Aprill eyes.

K. Matilda, Look upon thy soveraigne courting,
Thy cruelty with a paire of wooing eyes,
Labouring for mercy.

Fitz. No, no, Matilda, look upon thy soveraigne,
Thy chastity with tempting wanton eyes,
Labouring in lust.

K. Thou man of rude defects, let me alone.

Fitz. Thou man of wilde desires, let me alone.

K. Ha!

Fitz. Tut, tut, I know whose Cause I have in hand,
And neither ha's nor hems can fright plain Robin,
The wound that foolish love-Boy there (what call ye him?)
Had struck your heart with, because your smooth tongue,
You could not come to supple it, as the Dog does his foot,
With fair fine words you could lick me, and then
Life me to stroak it, and heale it by Atturney,
He steers not fleshy the delights to roame,
Craft sets out swift, but ever comes short home:
I tell ye truth I.

K. Abbesse, deliver up Matilda;
Or with an Army fill'd with Ruffians, Ravishers,
The very Sonnes of darknesse, we will levell.

King John and Matilda,

This building to the bottom.

A. We know the King,
(Being receiv'd unto his mother Church,) cannot conceive such out-rage.

Fitz. Now ye stamp'd your

Mat. Father farewell, and to my Lord my Kings,
The service of his most obsequious Hand-maid;
And good your Maestie be pleas'd to remember,
How excellently-admirable your Crown
Will then become ye, when you shall cast off
The habite of your passions, I will pray for you sir,
And it's be possible with prayers and teares,
Quench your desires, and fortifie my feares.

Fitz. A Father's blessing, like a welcome cloud
With child of friendly showers, hover o'er thy goodnesse,
And keep it evergreen - she is gone sir.

K. Go thou and runne into the Sea.

Fitz. Ha, ha, So the great Emperor of the Barrons,
As you call'd him, may come out again, i'th guts of a poor John:
No, no, I will live and laugh, you would have made her
The mistress of the King, and she is married
To the King's Master, oh to the noblest King
Poore supplicant ever kneel'd to, to your King,
And her King, and to my King she's married;
Oh married, married, let the Satyrs dante it,
The sweet Birds sing it, let the winds be wanton,
And as they softly with an evening whisper,
Steal through the cur'd locks of the lofty woods,
Let them in their sweet language seem to say,
This, this was chaste *Matilda's* Marriage day.

K. It is resolv'd irrevocable; who waits? *Exit Fitz.*

Chef. Sir? *Enter Chester.*

K. Have an eye upon that Fox; where's our Confessor? *Enter Confessor.*

Con. Attending sir.

K. Your ear - do this,

Con. I shall sir.

A Tragedie.

K. And hark you, without all expostulation, speedily
Make Brand the Instrument.

Con. I shall not fail sir.

Exit.

K. All my blood turns, she is now past all recovery;
Oh day draw in thy light, Time do not keep
This Deed for story; Memory fall asleep
In black oblivions Cavern; let this day
Still skip the Kalend, and be wip'd away
From all discourse; oh let no chaste Maid.
(Remembering how *Matilda* was betray'd,)
With bitter teares, curse the too cruell King;
No Satyr dance this day, no sweet bird sing,
But let the Raven and Screech-Owl cry,
Matilda the chaste Maid, must this day dye.

Exit.

Enter Brand and the Abbess reading a Letter.

Let. Madam, These are to giue you to understand, that instantly, and without any the least expostulation, you see convey'n into the outward Garden ad'oyning to the Abby, your new Votary *Matilda*, that the bearer (this Gentleman) may without the least interception, have freedom of accessse unto her; let this from me be your safety, and forget not, the wills of Princes are indisputable---

Fulstace Confessor to his Majestie.

Ab. No, no, no cloud of niceness, order, or regularity,
Must intercept this Mandate; Sir, the Kings will,
The Confessors advertizement, and your hopes,
Shall meet this minute; but vertue is I hope
The Rudder of your voyage.

Bra. I tell you Madam, tis unspotted truth,
The King is chang'd so excellent, such a lover
Now of *Matilda*'s noble constancy,
That therefore as his (Confessor there certifies,) Your duty is expected
To work my admittance to her, which is only
To let her know, how heartily his Majestie
Admires and commends her.

King John and Matilda,

Ab. 'Tis a joyful hearing, *Enter Matilda.*
See where she walks, souls to heavenly simple.
It seems the Court digests not, and (being cloy'd,) *Exit.*
Commends them to the Cloyster.

Bra. And she be so simple,
She's the fitter for the Saints, things I near think of,
Unless to stuffe our similies---excellent Lady.
There's such a deale of heaven in her face,
It makes my black soul tremble---excellent Lady,

Ma. Your will sir.

Bra. To let you understand the will of him,
Whose will the will of heaven hath new made;
Thus said King John in brieft, tell that sweet Saint,
(And there he wept as I do at the thought on't) *weeps.*
The immaculate Mistresse of my dear devotions.
The King by this (with her eye not unacquainted)
Commends to her his hate of all that love,
The feavor of his blood contaminated:
Oh tell her (and he sigh'd there bitterly)
That as I was her tempter, I am now
Mine own despiser; as mine own despiser,
I will remain her vertues strong admirer;
And there just thus he kist it--; if't chance, quoth he,
Her gentle lip return the Kings chaste meaning,
Mark but which place of this (then happy) Glove
Receives that heavenly print, and bring it back,
That my lips there (like a paire of willing Pilgrims)
May pay my hearts devotions. This was all,
And this, his Glove, the Token.

Mat. Excellence Change!
Heaven now hath heard my praies, return his goodnesse;
I am sorry thou hast kist the Glove before me,
For feare thy lips have lay'n where the Kings did,
And cosen'd mine of that grace fell from them,
When he spake things thus good, Give me the Glove.

Bra. Ha: *He looks towards the Garden door, and whilst she turns her self that way, he changes the Glove, and gives her the other poison'd.*

Mat. Thy looks made me believe, that some were coming.

Bra.

A Tragedie.

Bra. No Madam, I have cosen'd you, 'twas but the wind.

Mat. No wind shall keep my duty from his Majestie
With my observance; say thus, I return'd *Kisses the possen'd*
My love of his great goodnesse; and if he aske thee *Glove.*
How I receiv'd the news of his rare change,
Say, as a teeming soyle after a drought,
Welcomes a wish'd for shower: what a strangement
Strongly beats up into my braines, while I hold this Glove
So neer my breast! thou art not honest sure?

Era. Neer death we prophesie, and 'tis so sure,
You cannot breath three minutes.

Mat. Ha!

Bra. 'Tis neatly don, and there's no dallying,
I know 'tis strong and swift, as by a Glove
You were carryed from your Fathers to this Cloyster,
So by a Glove you are from this Cloyster sent
To the chaste Court of Saints.

Mat. Heaven! is this right?

Bra. No, 'twas a left-handed Glove, look ye,
I kist the right and cosen'd you,
So that a sinister act with a left-handed Glove, very prettily
Imports a wittynesse in wickednesse.

Mat. Thou art a merry murderer, the King was wont
To call me friend; oh if he bestowes
On's friends such guifts, what sends he to his foes?
Uncharitable love-tokens; oh what harsh hand
Temperd this dram of death.

Bra. I could do't no better.

Mat. Mercilesse man, Tygers to thee are tame;
Oh cozening Crocodile, that with thy tears couldst take me!
How wilt thou howle
When thou and I meet next? when I shall sit
Above my sufferings, then will my blood be
A cloud betwixt eternity and thee.

Bra. Clouds? yes, much clouds.

Mat. There was the last call; to thee King, commend me,
And tell him, when in stories he shall stand,

When

King John and Matilda,

When men shall read the Conquerors great name,
Voluptuous *Rufus*, that unkind brother *Beauclark*,
Comely King *Steven*, *Henry* the Wedlock-breaker,
And Lyon-hearted *Richard*; when they come
unto his name, with sighs it shall be said,
This was King John--- the murderer of a Maid;
Oh tell him I am past his strong temptations,
And though wild burning back'd his hot desire,
Like perfect Gold I did out-live the fire. *Dyers.*

Bra. She's dead and I must shift for one,
I heare some trampling, *Enter young Bruce.*
What's he has leap'd the Garden walls? has a wenching look,
And should be a good Vaulters, guilty knaves make excellent
Eyes droppers, and I love to sound strange bosomes, I will lye
To see and heare, and yet not heard nor seen, *stands aside.*

T. Bru. Here rumour gives, my cousin, chaste *Matilda*
To live a Votary: ha! on the ground!
Murder'd most certainly, and so warme, that yet
The murderer at my approach, may lurk
About the Garden, for through the Abbey tis
Impossible to passe; oh my griev'd blood,
Who made it so unfortunate to be good.

Bra. He mumbles something to himselfe.

T. Bru. This parallels my Mother and my Brother:
Ha! something stirs i'th Grove, passion I know thee not,
With a new art we must catch old Blood-hounds: well,
Although I am the Kings well-wishing friend,
And have rais'd forces for his part at *Winser*,
Yet with my heart I am glad, a friendly hand
Hath made thee happy.

Bra. S'foot this is one of our side,
But it seems he knows not was the Kings injunction.

T. Bru. Now businesse will be minded, state affairs,
With vigilance effected, which before
Were so intangled in your hair forsooth,
Suiters could find no end of their beginnings.

Era. By this light I have done a good deed.

T. Bru.

A Tragedie.

Y. Bru. Thou honest soul,
That (by the heat of thy happy hany-work,)
Canst not I am sure but be in hearing ; If
My irregular start (upon private necessity)
Frighted thee off, be not aham'd to let
Thy unknown friend possesse thee.

Bra. Oh braze young spark.

Y. Ern. Or if thy modesty must keep thee off,
So well I love thy work (and as I the Kingdom),
Let this Purse of Gold, this Diamond fasten'd to't,
Tell thee thy friend was here, if thou'dst know him,
He is a kinsman to the Earl of *Chester*;
And because thou shalt not doubt thy friends fair meanings,
I will return the way I came, although
With danger to my person.

Bra. Here is one sir, wishes better to his friends;

Y. Bru. What art thou? *Shewes himselfe.*

Bra. One that will take your honorable Purse,
And yet passe quit at the Common Law.

Y. Bru. Wert thou the expert Master of this peece.

Bra. You being kin'sman to my Lord and Master,
(Who ever hated this blood;) I dare tell you,
I practis'd first a businesse late at *Winsor*,
Up on a Mother and her Sonne----

Y. Ern. Hold heart, old *Bruces* Lady,

And the brat her Sonne?

Wer't thou the happy instrument

To cut these Houses down? didst thou do that?

Bra. It would deserve (well priz'd) another Purse sir.

Y. Bru. Gold must not part us, didst do't?

Bra. Both that and this, by this stand sir. *Gives him more Gold.*

Y. Bru. Sonne of the Devill have I found thee?

Bra. Sure he knows me.

Y. Bru. Fool, dost thou draw a sword;
What a loud lye thou dost give heaven, to think
A sword can shield the guilty, look here villaine
Upon my horrid point, where death in tempest

King John and Matilda;

And whistle-winds, stares upon thee, thou murderer:
Of my Mother, Brother, and my Kinswoman.

Bra. S'root here was a Purse with a bob at the end ont,
Pray take your Purse againe.

T. Bru. Toad, I will take thy heart fir.

Bra. I deny nothing then,
Resolution crowns my craft; for those at *Winfer*,
(Let me free the King) I *sanctified* them, because
Your Mother was too coy, you may guess the rest;
For this it was King *John's* injunction,
And I have done it daintily by this light.

T. Bru. By darknesse and her Angels,
Thy near kinsmen,

Thou shalt not live five minutes for'e. *They fight, Brand
falls, young Bruce keeps him down.*

Bra. O fir, what mean ye?

T. Bru. To aske thee for a Mother, a sweet Brother,
A chaste kinswoman; oh that thou couldst be
Ten daies a dying; Slave! Ple stick thy Trunck
So thick with wounds, it shall appear a Book
Full of red Letters,
Characters of thy cruelty *Stabs him.*

Bra. This is no bleeding moneth fir.

T. Bru. Thon lyest, look yonder;
There lyes mine Almanack, a celestiall body, *Points to Ma-*
Whose revolution, period, pale aspect, *tilda's Course.*
All tell me 'tis high time that thou shouldst bleed. *Stabs.*

Bra. Oh.

T. Bru. Thy veines are all corruption,
Toads belch not fouler;
And should thy Trunck be thrown upon a darghill,
(As it deserves no better buriall)
The sent would poyson swine, the very dogs
Would with howlings fly as from a mid-nights fiend,
And every Raven that should feast upon't,

A Tragedy.

Would seek forsaken Deserts, and there die
Full of infection.

Stabs.

Br. Oh that last has finish't me,
And where I go I know not, a bloody Cloud
Hath hid heaven from me like a purple shrowd.

Dyn.

T. Br. Feast thou the Crows,
This body i'll convey to *Winsor*, where my Mother,
And my sweet murder'd Brother, we'll expose
(As spurs of righteous vengeance) to all eyes;
Conscience, and Blood, are strong incessant cries.

Exe.

Enter King and Lords below, old *Bruce*, *Leister*
Oxford and *Fitzwater* above.

Charge.

K. You Sonnes of death and disobedience;
Why is the King kept out?

Ol. Br. You shall know sir;
Is't not enough the whole Lands Liberties
Lye yet a gasping by your head strong passions,
Wounded by your neglect, but through blood
D'ee chase your vast desires, my Wife and Sonne sir.

K. A game as we are Prince, in our Royall word,
The villaine past our precept.

Ol. Br. As you past heavens
In your bloody maiquing night at *Baynards* Castle,
When all the floores, and the white walls wore bloody
Deep crimson blushes, to behold a Prince
In blood pursue his passions.

K. Bar'd out and brav'd,
You bate and chase a Lyon; bring old *Fitzwater*,
Thou *Bruce* and grumbling *Leister*, either speedily
Give up the Castle, and upon your knees
Fall to the mercy you have scorn'd, or here
Before a paire of minutes passe, the sword
Of incens'd justice shall even in your eyes,
Leave this old Rebell headlesse.

Fitz. Now by the blood
I lost in holy *Palestine* with *Richard*,

King John and Matilda,

Oh that right reall Souldier! King *John* I sweare,
That foul-word Rebel ha: unriuted
The bair of reason, and made me very angry;
Is it to take truth's part to be a Rebel?
To ease my groining Country, is that Rebellion?
To preserve the unstain'd honour of a Maid,
(And that maid my daughter) to preserve your glory,
That you stand not branded in our Chronicles,
By the black name of Wedlock-breaker; is this
(Good, heaven!) is this Rebellion? Come, come, the Axe;
Oh that wrong'd soul to death so falsely given, *Ent. Monbray*
Flies sweetly singing her own truth to heaven.

Mon. Stand on your guard-sir,
Young *Bruce* with twenty thousand
Strong able men from *Cambridge* and *Essex*,
With a speedy march, and with as dreadful threatnings,
Comes thundering towards *Winfor*, all his Ensigns
Crimson and Black, which in their wanton wavings,
Cry to the frighted Country (as he marches)
Nothing but blood and death.

Ol. Bru. Oh noble Sonne of a murdered Mother.

Leif. Honourable young man.

K. Draw up our forces like a pair of angry winds,
That have got a hollow Cloud with child of tempests,
Wee'l make the valleyes tremble. *Enter Chester.*

Chef. Resist now sir,
Or the whole Kingdome trembles; *Levis* the Dolphine
By th'politique working of ingenious *Richmond*,
(Who was sent for him) with six hundred sayle,
And fourscore Flat-boats is let in at *Dover*,
Subduing as they march, and the Towns willingly
Giv'ing them way; they have reach'd *Rochester*,
And if a speedy swift prevention meet not,
They will for *London* certainly.

Leif. Now *John* thy Crown sits quivering.

Chef. These here to resolute---

Adon. Young *Bruce* so potent---

Chef.

A Tragedie.

Oxf. And which strikes deepe, a factious forralgne foot
Upon our earth, 'tis a dangerous triplecity,
So that our Forces were they three times trebled,
(Distracted with a division thus triangular)
Cannot promise safety.

K. Take it not Time, for now
The goodliest Oak in the whole wood must bow.

Fitz. Oh that was very well said sir, nor shall ye bow,
But unto heaven and vertue, for Kings have boasted
To be her servants; oh in this tempest sir,
Give her the helme, good brother *Bruce*, the King
Has faithfully acquitted him of the bloods
Of your Wite and Sonne, ; *Leister*, the King now looks
Upon his passions with a displeased eye,
Trust to our faiths sir, give the Land her Liberties,
And do but look upon my poor *Matilda*.

K. Oh, oh.

Fitz. With Kingly chaste eyes, and a holy soul;
My brother shall command his Sonne to obedience,
Leister and he shall give ye up the Castle,
We will call *Richmond* with his powers from *Lewis*,
We will be all one soule againe, and force
The skipping *French* to put to Sea again,
And you shall stand a King then absolute;
Good brother *Leister*, sir upon my knee,
I urge your goodnesse now; shall we still stand
And chaine our freedoms to a forraign hand?
When we shun seen Rocks, then we safely sayle;
Good, good, King *John*, let the old man prevaile.

K. Oh *Chester* run to *Dunmow*, and if *Brand* yet
Have kept his hand white, bid that *Brand* forbear,
For feare of burning everlastingly.

Chef. I shall sir.

Exit.

K. *Mowbray*, with the bendings of the King,
Go meet that angry young man *Bruce*, and tell him,
Here's now no use for Steele.

Mow. 'Twill be good news sir.

King John and Matilda,

K. Meet us at least (you Stubborn men,)
In our facile affections:
Why send ye not for *Richmond*? must we bend, and
And beseech too?

Leif. Passe but your Royal promise
In the words of a King, to performe what
Y'are fled from, the wind not with more swiftnesse,
Shall fly to play with *Richmonds* lofty Plume,
Then shall be shown in his repeale.

K. 'Tis granted upon our Kingly word--- that time in me,
shall read that Giants force necessity!

Ol. Bru. With all submissive reverence we descend,
And kisse your Highnesse hand.

Fitz. Right happy day,
My Girle is safe, and all clouds blown away. *Exeunt from
the walls*

Hoboyes sound, whilst the *Barrons* descend, each on
his knee kissing the Kings hand, both Parties joyfully
embrace; suddenly the Hoboyes cease, and a
sad Musick of Flutes heard. Enter to the King and
Lords, the Lady *Abbes*, Ushering *Matilda's* Herle,
born by Virgins, this Motto fastned unto it--- *To
Piety and Chastity*. The Body of *Matilda* lying on
the Herse, and attended by the *Queene*, bearing in
her hand a Garland, compos'd of *Roses* and *Lillies*;
after her, young *Bruce*, *Hubert*, *Chester*, and other
Gentlemen, all in mourning habites.

The Song in parts.

1 **L**ooke what Death hath done: here laid
(*In one*) a *Martyr*, and a *Maid*.

2. *Angels Crown Those with just applause.*
Dye in defence of Vertues Lawes.

Chorus

A Tragedie.

Chorus { Such was her cause ! Death ! boast not of thy hands-
Cruelty, since the vanquish'd viller stands.

2. Her Chastity, to Time shall last
Like Laurel, which no lightning can blast.
3. Sweet Maids, with Roses deck her Herse,
Whose Vertue stands above the reach of Verse.

Chorus { Heaven hath her pure part, whilst on Earth, her Name
Moves in the Sphere of a resplendent Fame.

K. Hubert interpret this Apparition.

Hub. Behold sir,

A sad writ Tragedy so feelingly,
Languag'd, and cast, with such a crafty cruelty,
Contriv'd and acted, that wild Savages,
Satyrs, and the rude rabble of the Woods,
Would weep to lay their ears to, and (admiring
To see themselves out done) they would conceive
Their wildnesse, mildness to this deed, and call
Men more then Savage, themselves rational;
And thou *Fitzwater*, reflect upon thy name,
And turn the sonne of tears, oh forget
That *Cupid* ever spent a dart upon thee,
That *Hymen* ever coupled thee, or that ever
The hafty, happy, willing messenger,
Told thee thou hadst a Daughter; oh look here,
Look here King *John*, and with a trembling eye, *Unvail*
Read your sad act, *Matilda's* Tragedy. *her face.*

Om. *Matilda!*

Piz. By the labouring soul of a much injur'd man,
It is my childe *Matilda*.

Qu. Oh cruell King, go fate thy bloody eye
With thy black command, which thine eyes executed.

Oh. *Bru.* Sweet Niece,

Leif.

King John and Matilda,

Leif. Chaste soule,

T. Bru. King, go and read thy cruelty.

K. Do I stirre *Chester*?

Good *Oxford*, do I move? stand I not still

To watch the when the griev'd friends of dead *Matilda*,

Will with a thousand stabs turn me to dust?

That in a thousand prayes they may be happy;

Will no one do't then give a mourner room, *Falls passionately*

A man of tears; oh immaculate *Matilda*, *upon the Herse.*

These shed but sayling heat drops; milling showers,

The faint dewes of a doubtful April-morning;

But from mine eyes, ship-sinking Cataracts,

Whold clouds of waters, wealshy exhalations

Shall fall into the Sea of my affliction,

Till it amaze the Mourners.

Hub. Unmatch'd *Matilda*,

Celestiall Souldier that keep'st a Fort of Chastity

'Gainst all temptations.

Fuz. Not to be a *Queene*

Would she break her chaste vow, truth crowns your reed,

Unmatch'd *Matilda* was her name indeed.

K. Oh take into your spirit-piercing praise,

My Scene of sorrow; I have wel-clad woes,

Pathetick epethites to illustrate passion,

And steale true teares so sweetly from all these,

'tshall touch the soule, and at one pierce and please.

Ches. What will he doe? *The Ki. takes the Gar' and from
the Queen, and peruses the Motto of the Herse:*

K. To *Piety* and *Purity*, and Lillies mixt with *Roses*.

How well you have apparell'd woe, this pendant

To *Piety* and *Purity* directed,

Insinuates a chaste soule in a clean body:

Vertuea white Virgin, Chastities red Martyr,

Suffer me then with this well-suited wreath,

To make our griefs ingenious, let all be dumb,

Whilst the King speaks her *Epicidium*.

Ches. His very soul speaks sorrow.

A Tragedy.

Ox. And it becomes him sweetly.

K. Hail Maid and Marty! loe on thy breast,
Devotions Alter, chaste truths chest,
I offer (as my guilt imposes)
Thy merrits Laurel, Lillies and Roses,
Lillies, intimating plaine,
Thy immaculate life stuck with no staine;
Roses red, and sweet, to tell
How sweet red sacrifices smell, *Sett the Garland on her*
Hang round then as you walk about this Herse, *breast.*
The songs of holy hearts, sweet, vertuous verse,

Fitz. Bring Persian silks to deck her Monument;

K. Arabian spices quick'ning by their sent.

Fitz. Numidian Marble to preserve her praise,

K. Corinthian Ivory her sweet shape to raise.

Fitz. And write in gold upon it, in this best,
Virtue sat Mistresse passion but a guest;

K. Virtue is sweet, and since griefs bitter be,
Strew her with Roses, and give due to me.

Ol. Brw. My noble Brother, I have lost a Wife and Son,
You a sweet Daughter, look on the Kings penitence,
His promise for the Kindomes peace, perfer
A publique benefit. When it shall please,
Let heaven question him, let us secure,
And quit the Land of Lewis.

Fitz. Do any thing,

Do all things that are honourable, and the great King,
Make you a good King fir; and when your soul
Shall at any time reflect upon your follies,
Good King *John* weep, weep very heartily,
It will become you sweetly, at your eyes
Yonr sin stole in, there pay your sacrifice.

K. Back unto *Dunmow Abby*, where wee'l pay
To sweet *Matilda's* memory and her sufferings,
A monthly obsequie, which (sweetned by
The wealthy woes of a tear-troubl'd eye)
Shall by those sharp afflictions of my face,

K.

Court

King John and Matilda, &c.

Court Mercy, and make Oris arrive at Grace.

Let my will'd errors, tell to time this truth;

Wh'lt passion holds the Helm, Reason and Honour fall.

Do suffer wrack; but they sail safe, and clear,

Who constantly by Virtues Compass steer.

Song.

1. **M**atilda! Now goe take thy Bed,
In the darke dwellings of the dead.

2. And rise in the great Waking-day,
Sweet as Incense, fresh as May.

3. Rest thou chaste soule, (fixt in thy proper sphere),
Amongst beavens faire Ones, All are faire ones there.

Cho. } Rest there chaste soul, whilst we (here troubl'd) say,
Time gives us Griefs, Death takes our joyes away.

Exeunt omnes.

—
I shall be as the flowers of the field,
Which flourish in the day,
But are cut down, and wither away.
I shall be as the grass upon the hill,
Which flourisheth in the spring,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the green bay tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the olive tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the palm tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the cedar tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the fig tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the vine tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the olive tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
I shall be as the palm tree,
Which flourisheth in the day,
But is cut down, and withereth away.
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